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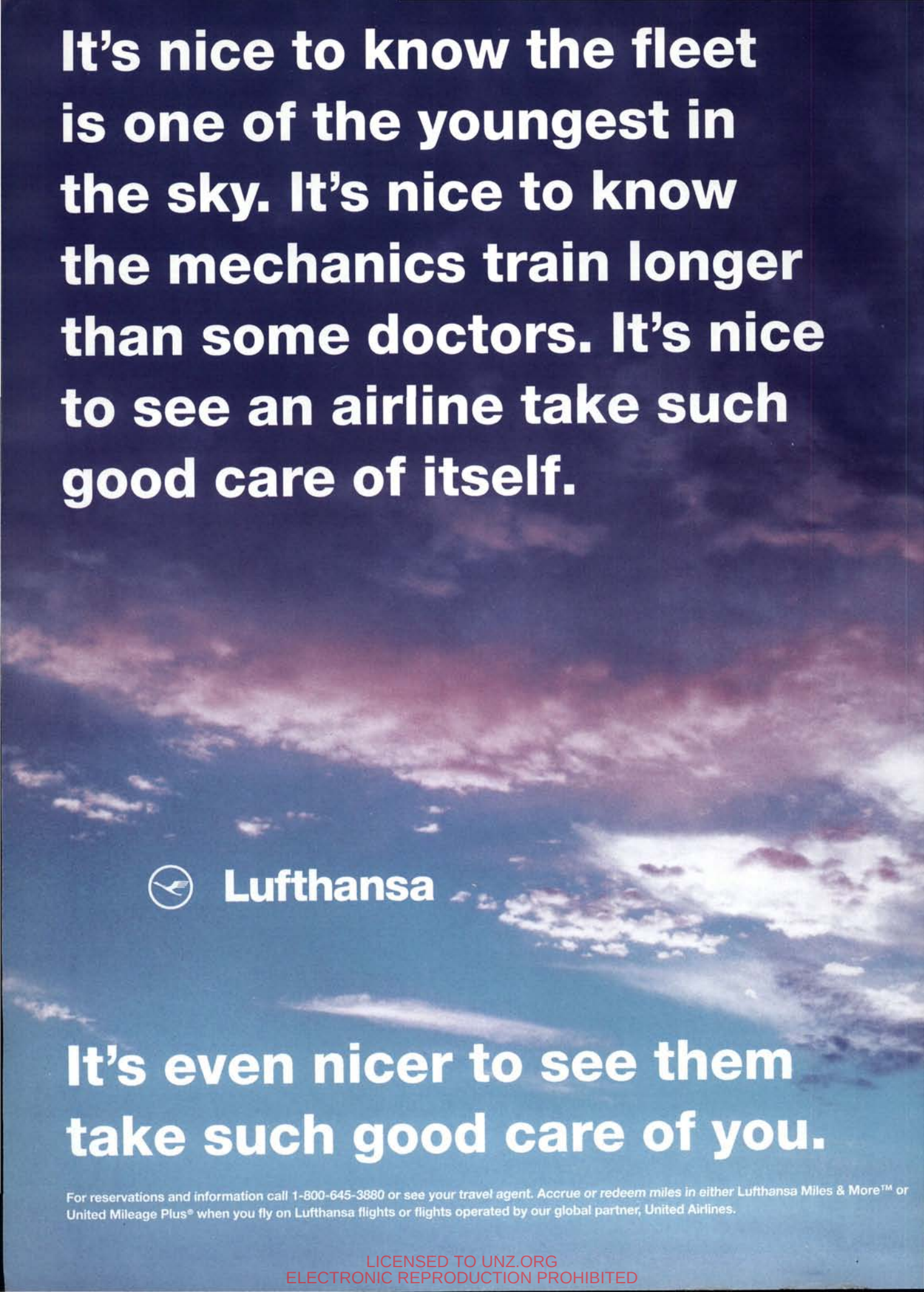
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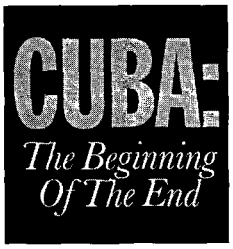

Cover by Eric Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 15, 17 and 21.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** What's on T.V., Stalin reconsidered, U.N. fecklessness &c.

6 **ROBERT WRIGHT** TRB: POPE ON THE ROPES The real issue of the Cairo population conference wasn't abortion but—guess what?—population.

7 **THE EDITORS** TOTAL QUALITY MADNESS From Ira's boxes, rationalism amok.

8 **NOTEBOOK** A new feature: TNR's take on the week &c.

10 **MARK E. PIETRZYK** QUEER SCIENCE The right wing's favorite anti-gay researcher and scholar, Paul Cameron, makes it all up.

12 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: SCALDED DOGS Clinton's fall campaign tack.

13 **SALLY SATEL** OUT IN THE COLD The problem with the federal plan for the homeless.

15 **CHARLES LANE** THE LONG, LONG GOOD-BYE A report from Castro's crumbling Cuba.

17 **CHARLES LANE** TUNNEL VISION Fidel builds a subterranean doomsday retreat.

20 **ANN LOUISE BARDACH** OUR MAN IN MIAMI Meet the man behind our new Cuba policy: Jorge Mas Canosa, aspiring dictator. A report from Little Havana.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: APOCALYPSE NOW Oliver Stone's frenzied style finds fulfillment in *Natural Born Killers*.

27 **COLIN McGINN** MOTHERS AND MORALISTS *Feminist Morality* by Virginia Held; *Moral Prejudices* by Annette C. Baier

32 **JACKSON LEARS** THE HIDDEN PERSUADER *Vance Packard and American Social Criticism* by Daniel Horowitz

34 **DEBORA GREGER** POEM *The Dead of Summer*

36 **STANISLAW BARANCZAK** SLAVIC STUDIES *The Russian Girl* by Kingsley Amis

39 **"SAME-SEX UNIONS IN PREMODERN EUROPE": AN EXCHANGE**

42 **MICHAEL LEWIS** NEW YORK DIARIST: SCENIC BEAUTY

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CORRESPONDENCE

In media res

To the editors:

Tom Rosenstiel's article, "The Myth of CNN," (August 22 & 29) offers a much-needed analytical argument demonstrating how the increased competition for news footage has led to decreased programming quality. Another reason lies in the fact that the news media's ethics have not kept pace with rapidly expanding technology.

Over the past several decades the medical profession has dealt with its technological revolution by wrestling with and arguing vigorously over the ethical considerations involved in some new medical procedures (i.e., life support, gene splicing). Faced with the relatively recent information revolution, the media have failed to expand their focus beyond the traditional First Amendment issue about what they can report. Consequently, the media rarely consider the more important question of what they *should* report. Quick decisions behind what to report, or what not to report, can't be guided solely by overarching ethical and moral principles; but such decisions should not continue to be made on the simple ad hoc determination that a competing news station has deemed a story newsworthy. The media must concentrate on the significance of events and the importance of judgment and discretion. Until doing so, polls, statistics and talking heads will continue to substitute for information.

ERIC LEMONT
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

To the editors:

While I find myself in agreement with many of the points made in Tom Rosenstiel's critical piece about CNN, I'm afraid THE NEW REPUBLIC is in no position to be casting stones. The validity of the piece was compromised seriously by an egregious error in the lead paragraph. The air war in the Persian Gulf and the bombing of Baghdad commenced in January of 1991, not February of 1990.

MICHAEL S. SPEIRS
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Mayor by prayer

To the editors:

Alexander Star, writing in the Washington Diarist ("On the Road," August 22 & 29) tried to parallel Marion Barry and Oliver North, saying with a tone of disdain that both men had turned their ordeals with the law "into an allegory of courage and redemption." This is certainly true of North, who never suffered punishment for his crimes and whose only experience of redemption has been his own false rhetoric of Christian martyrdom. But Barry actually did redeem himself by going to jail and recovering from cocaine addiction. Are we to assume that personal recoveries such as Barry's do nothing to forgive the original transgression? Marion Barry has shown courage and deserves, if not votes, certainly more than Star's rather facile derision.

JANE WARDLOW PRETTYMAN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Cautious and wily

To the editors:

The cold war is over and historians are trying to analyze it in new ways. We are using new sources and methodologies and reconfiguring older interpretations. Yet Jacob Heilbrunn ("The Revision Thing," August 15) is locked into the past, intent on resurrecting outworn categories of analysis.

Heilbrunn says my book has revived the "revisionist enterprise." Yet many "revisionists" have criticized my volume, while many "orthodox" and "traditional" scholars have praised it. John Lewis Gaddis, the "post-revisionist" historian most admired by Heilbrunn, has written that my account is "the best book anyone has yet written on the United States and the origins of the cold war." Heilbrunn doesn't know what he is talking about when he says that my volume "has become the sacred text of neo-revisionism."

I designed my book to transcend the old categories of interpretation. My emphasis is not on "material interests," as Heilbrunn argues; nor am I a "geopolitics man." My central argument is that U.S. policymakers sought to configure the international system in ways tha

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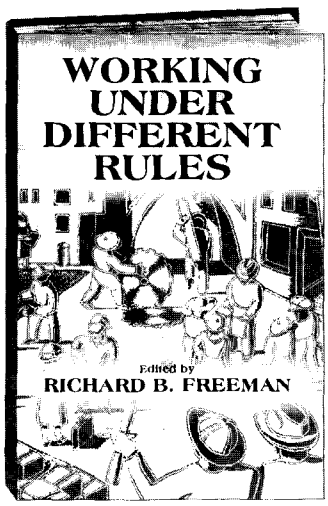
—Frank Swoboda, *The Washington Post Book World*



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would help preserve democratic capitalism at home. American officials, I emphasize on page 13, "were driven less by a desire to help others than by an ideological conviction that their own political economy of freedom would be jeopardized if a totalitarian foe became too powerful."

Heilbrunn doesn't understand the book by Sergei Goncharov, John W. Lewis and Xue Litai, *Uncertain Partners: Stalin, Mao, and the Korean War.* Heilbrunn is wed to the notion that Stalin was a Communist ideologue intent on world domination through reckless expansion. In *Uncertain Partners* the authors, after having looked at many Russian, Chinese and Korean documents, conclude that Stalin was a cautious and wily practitioner of realpolitik. Heilbrunn uses this volume to support his own views, but he does not understand its central message.

Heilbrunn also does not accurately elucidate the meaning of the new archival materials emanating from Russia. These documents do show that Stalin's crimes were as monstrous as his fiercest critics claim. But the documents do not clarify the connections between the totalitarian nature of the regime and the Kremlin's post-war foreign policies. With only limited access to the most important Russian archival repositories, scholars remain uncertain about Stalin's aims and motives after World War II. Russian, German, East European and American historians have been discussing the new archival evidence and hotly disputing the extent to which ideological, strategic and economic imperatives shaped Soviet diplomacy. Nobody reading Heilbrunn's review would be aware of the richness of these debates. Heilbrunn trivializes the thoughtful work being done on the relationships between ideology, geopolitics and Soviet foreign policy.

MELVYN P. LEFFLER
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:

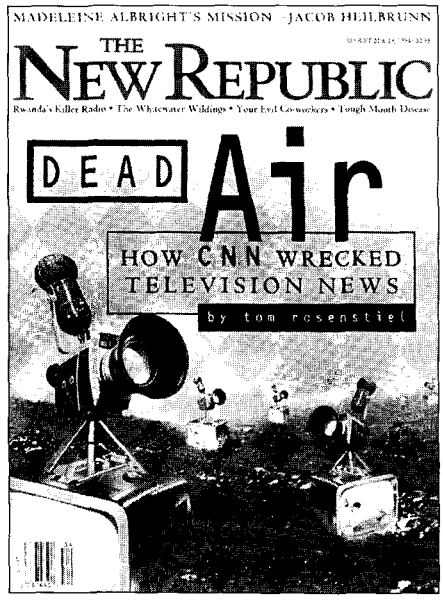
In his article "The Revision Thing," Jacob Heilbrunn quotes me as describing the cold war as "the brave and essential response of free men to Communist aggression." It is not clear from his phrasing whether he thinks these words represent my own view or merely report a view widely held; but, since revisionist historians often claim it as my own view, may I remind your readers what I wrote in 1967: "The orthodox American view, as originally set forth by the American government and as reaffirmed until recently by most American scholars, has been that the cold war was the brave and essential response of free men to communist aggression."

My own view, as the rest of the essay (easily available in *The Cycles of American History*) makes clear, while far from revisionism, also departs considerably from the "orthodox" view.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
New York, New York

Jacob Heilbrunn replies:

Melvyn P. Leffler's letter is as muddled as his book. I did not say that I admired any post-revisionist historians in my review. What is more, John Lewis Gaddis, whom Leffler himself describes as a "post-revisionist," is hardly a "traditional" or "orthodox" scholar. That revisionists would criticize Leffler's book, however, is not surprising. As I noted in my review, neo-revisionism carries with it a spurious air of detachment by rejecting all previous interpretations of the cold war as



tainted by the passions engendered by the superpower conflict. The knots that neo-revisionism ties itself into are on vivid display in Leffler's contention that his emphasis is neither on "material interests" nor "geopolitics." For in the next breath he says that it is. Leffler's tiptoeing around his own theme epitomizes the dreary and lifeless spirit of the neo-revisionist project. By jumbling together geopolitics, old-line revisionism and post-revisionism, Leffler has not so much "transcended" shopworn categories as produced a grand synthesis of interpretations that began to crumble with the fall of the Berlin Wall. His book is a monument to the creativity of historians in devising ever more rarefied interpretations of the cold war.

Ghali gee

To the editors:

It may take force to repel force, as Robert Wright comments regarding Bosnia ("Good Ghali," TRB, August 15). But his analysis jumps the gun. Prior to use of force, a series of dispute-solving means ought to have been exhausted. But there's the rub; the third-party dispute-solving machinery of the U.N. is thin to nonexistent. Moreover, it lacks a procedure allowing U.N. peace forces to be placed in timely fashion on threatened borders. Such a line of blue-helmeted soldiers on the borders separating Serbia from Croatia and Bosnia might have deterred the present conflict.

Suppose the U.N. had first-rate intelligence capabilities. If so, it would have learned that the Balkan area constituted a war waiting to happen. If in existence, the U.N. could have employed a self-triggering fact-finding commission to help sort out the difficulties, truth often being the first casualty of war. If not helpful, progressively more intrusive dispute-solving means could have been instituted, including mediation and compulsory arbitration. If the issues at hand were matters of law, then a strengthened World Court could have been apprised of them.

Had all these measures failed and had a U.N. trip-wire been breached, then U.N. peace forces could have been pre-positioned to quickly bring to bear the necessary fire power to halt the aggression. And if the world organization had an international criminal court to deal with individual violators, as the World Court cannot, then those who planned to commit genocide might have been deterred, knowing they would face the global bar of justice for perpetrating an internationally recognized crime.

ERIC COX
Executive Director
Campaign for U.N. Reform
Washington, D.C.

Heads up

To the editors:

I find it puzzling that Camille Paglia ("The Way She Was," July 18 & 25) thinks that Barbra Streisand "looked, with her swinging arcs of honey-blond hair, like the Winged Victory of Samothrace." A resemblance seems unlikely since this statue is without a head!

MARTHA SCHWARZ
Sunset Hills, Missouri

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FROM WASHINGTON

Pope on the ropes

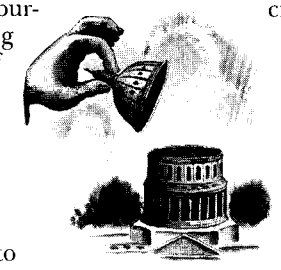
One tenet of the Shaker faith, as articulated during the eighteenth century by "Mother Ann," was that procreation is wrong. One tenet of the Roman Catholic faith, as articulated by various popes, is that contraception is wrong. Today there are 960 million Roman Catholics and zero Shakers. Clearly, Catholic doctrine is more vibrant than Shaker doctrine. Whether that means it should guide U.N. population policy is another question.

Supposedly, the issue of contraception isn't what moved Pope John Paul II to stymie the Cairo Conference on Population and Development; abortion was. But that's hard to believe. In the conference's Program of Action, abortion was merely countenanced, and explicitly not recommended, while contraception was embraced, complete with a multi-billion-dollar budget for promoting it. Any pope speaking purely under theological inspiration would have dwelt on the evils of contraception. Any pope trying to exploit unease about abortion to covertly push an anti-contraception agenda would have done what this pope did.

Of course, the Vatican is a sovereign state, free to pull the U.N.'s parliamentary levers just like other members. But the pope plainly expects special treatment, and he gets it. The news media made his defiance a big story, as if he represented all Roman Catholics, when in truth his only valid U.N. role was to speak for 1,000 people who live on 108 acres in Rome. The rest of the world's Catholics were represented by their respective governments, and weren't entitled to a second voice. Some observers complain of disrespect shown the pope during the population debate (he faces "an inquisition" by forces "far more powerful than communism," William McGurn opined in *National Review* just before the conference). But surely Cairo gave him more deference than it would have granted anyone else who tried to paralyze the proceedings on the strength of his formal credentials: leader of a very dinky country.

Some pundits saw Cairo as a P.R. loss for the pope, since he eventually released his hostages (viewers like you) with some of his demands still unmet, and meanwhile exposed embarrassing divisions within the church. I disagree. Intentionally or not, he turned an event that would have been a giant yawn into an occasion for sustained contemplation, much of which worked in his favor. Opinion pieces in *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Times* of London, *The Economist*, Britain's *Spectator*, and *National Review*, as well as a cover story in *U.S. News & World Report* all questioned whether population is really such a big problem.

A flock of iconoclasts is a contradiction in terms. The population revisionists must now accept their new role as defenders of a budding conventional wisdom, with all the burdens this brings—including assault at the hands of columnists.



The leading revisionist is Nicholas Eberstadt, who in the course of a single week packaged his views for the *Times* and *Journal* op-ed pages and made it onto NPR's "All Things Considered." A good part of Eberstadt's argument revolves around this assertion: "the anti-natalist project takes as axiomatic the premise that high levels of fertility and rapid population growth impede material advancement in all societies in which they occur." Actually, I'm one backer of "the anti-natalist project" who doesn't buy that "axiom," and who, indeed, wonders whether any reputable "anti-natalist" does. Anyway, I admire Eberstadt's entrepreneurship in getting paid by newspapers to debunk this claim. No wonder he's sponsored by the American Enterprise Institute.

U.S. News took a different tack. It set out to demolish the claim that, barring population control, "ecological collapse looms." But it never got past the subject of agriculture. It argued—optimistically, though not with utter implausibility—that new technologies will keep the masses fed. This narrow focus left it for a companion article to honestly address the larger question of ecology. The article observed that around the world, and "even close to home, a mounting environmental bill is coming due that is a direct consequence of population growth;" more and more places are "irrevocably degraded;" and "growth ultimately swamps the benefits of [anti-pollution] technology." Hmmm. Sounds eerily like "ecological collapse looms." And not at all like "EXPLODING THE POPULATION MYTHS," the magazine's cover line.

The environment is the real, stubborn issue here. Even if swelling populations *don't* bring poverty or instability, even if food stocks *do* keep pace, there is no way the Earth can gracefully absorb an extra 90 million people per year. And if the more disturbing scenarios unfold—if, say, the Greenhouse Effect is as real as most experts say—"ungraceful" will be a sad euphemism for another half-century of high fertility. The simple, unhysterical logic behind Cairo is simply that, population growth being a process that feeds on itself, and environmental alarms being quite plausible, an ounce of prevention almost certainly will be worth a pound of cure.

Some revisionists doubt that providing contraceptives will do much anyway. "Traditional societies," Eberstadt notes, have always had means of population control, "including ... infanticide." He coolly adds that "many modern methods may be more pleasant, but none is more effective." At the risk of sounding like a bleeding-heart liberal, I suggest that pleasantness should count for something.

Eberstadt cites a study suggesting that the fertility rate depends much more on the number of children a country's women aspire to have than on the availability of contraceptives. It's an intriguing study, and it raises good questions about whether the Cairo accord tilts heavily enough toward women's education, a proven way to shrink those aspirations. But surely Cairo marks historic movement in that direction.

Some conservative revisionists say free markets will solve any population problem by spurring development and thus lowering fertility. Unfortunately, by the time this solution kicks in, residents of the newly developed countries, in addition to being much more numerous than now, will bear a closer resemblance to us. Americans consume a grossly disproportionate share of fossil fuels, plastic gunk etc., and spew a corresponding quantity of garbage into the air, water and earth.

In *National Review*, McGurn, confident of salvation by market, chides John Paul II for attacking the greed of capitalists. And the pope may indeed have a simplistic view of the link between wealth and poverty. Still, he's onto something. The pursuit of material gain, if untrammeled by environmental regulation, is bad for the planet and, if untempered by spiritual concerns, can be bad for happiness as well. Here is where John Paul II has something valuable to give a world facing overpopulation. But he should give it as pope, not pol.

ROBERT WRIGHT

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 3, 1994

TOTAL QUALITY MADNESS

What happens when you cross the worst management consultancy blather with paleoliberal ambition? For starters, 268 boxes of paper and 1,300 pages of a health care bill. The wreckage of the Clinton health care reform project, crafted by the comic figure of Ira Magaziner and the tragic figure of Hillary Rodham Clinton, is now available to those willing to enter the air-conditioned hush of the new National Archives Building in the suburbs of D.C. It's not as tedious as it sounds. Anyone keen to find the root reason for the collapse of health reform—or who has a particularly well-honed sense of irony—shouldn't miss it. (Where are the quickie publishers when you need them?) Yes, the administration made some avoidable political gaffes. Yes, the corporate lobbies killed some valuable reforms. Yes, the public—surprise!—wanted more health care and cheaper health care and no new taxes. And yes, Bob Dole is not our favorite politician, either.

But the Magaziner paper trail suggests another reason for reform's collapse. It shows how a few within the administration—and a secretive few—were uninterested in practical change in health care to, say, increase the number of people covered or inject some competition in the system to help bring down costs. They were interested in conceiving of a total overhaul of the system according to the dictates of what a small group of experts deemed rational. They wrote memos; they wrote memos about memos. They held meetings, and held meetings about meetings. They generated clusters and toll-gates, dozens of working groups and countless position papers. They felt powerful and philosophical. All of which led to incisive conclusions like the following item from the archives:

If an epitaph is needed for the death of health care reform, we suggest the above.

The best gloss on the attitude of the task force toward the public is to call it patronizing. One of our favorite documents is a letter to Magaziner from a co-leader of the Ethics Working Group (No. 17), discussing the preamble to the new health care system: "The preamble, I take it, has two purposes, relating to two audiences. The first audience is policymakers and legislators, who might seek guidance from moral principles that should shape their work.... The second audience is the wider American public, which needs to have some sense, in your words, that this health care reform is a noble undertaking." (The preamble itself lists "community," "equality," "justice" and "liberty" as the bases for managed competition. It declares at one point: "The ancient Romans tended to emphasize the benefits of citizenship, the Athenians emphasized its responsibilities. For its moral success, our new system of health care requires both.")

One of the dozens of contributors to our ethical uplift produced the following gem:

Exhibit 1
Proposed Values Framework For The U.S. Health Care System

Essential values	Instrumental values
Fair access	Personal responsibility
Quality	Social solidarity
Efficiency	Social advocacy
Respect for patients	Provider autonomy
Patient advocacy	Consumer sovereignty
	Personal security

Note: Ordering rules for these values are as follows: (1) Each essential value should be maximized to the degree possible without threatening any other essential value. But fair access should be preeminent. (2) Essential values should be achieved before instrumental values, except insofar as instrumental values are a means to achieve essential values.

It's easy, of course, to select quotes unfairly from bureaucratic trash cans. But the tenor of the project is still unmistakable: that complex social problems are amenable to totalizing, intellectual solutions, and that democracy is an obstacle to implementing them. Bill Clinton was elected to reform government with practical, open and incremental proposals. As a reconstructed Democrat, he was not supposed to be averse to compromise, or gradualism, or market-friendly solutions. He has lived up to this promise in many areas: the budget, welfare reform, public service, bureaucratic streamlining, free trade. On health care, he did the opposite, pushing a total solution over any solution and thereby losing his chance to achieve any reform at all. If he'd backed the Cooper plan when this magazine did, he would now be burnishing his place in history. As it was, Cooper—and other moderates—were demonized, and the administration became welded to a parody of Great Society hubris. This wasn't Clintonism; it was Rodhamism. It deserved to fail. It is a tragedy that health care reform had to fail with it. •

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NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: Nothing serious was consummated in Cairo. A final breakthrough occurred when policy negotiators, pressured by the Vatican, agreed to change the explosive term "fertility regulation" to "regulation of fertility." To reverse the declining Russian birthrate, Vladimir Zhirinovsky promised to personally father a child in "every region" of the country. His party promised "appropriate monetary allocations." Marion Barry won the Democratic primary for mayor in Washington, D.C. The Pentagon report on the 1991 Tailhook convention was ruled inadmissible in Navy Lieutenant Paula Coughlin's civil suit because it was "based upon hearsay and double hearsay," according to a Las Vegas judge. A man attempted to crash a plane into Bill Clinton's bedroom. The pope canceled his visit to Sarajevo, but managed to kiss the soil of Croatia. Anna Quindlen announced she would stop writing her *New York Times* column. Thousands of Cubans, headed for the United States, poured jubilantly into the sea. Jeb Bush won the Florida Republican nomination for governor. The Cuban exodus halted. Nixon got a stamp. Bosnian Serbs expelled 500 Muslims from their homes in northern Bosnia. USAir Flight 427 crashed, the fifth USAir plane to do so in five years; the public was reassured that air travel was becoming safer. Bob Dole made his first public comments about the "international effort" between Canada and the United States to isolate Cuba: he warned Canada to "back off and cooperate with us." Secessionists squeaked by in Quebec, Canada's second-largest province. Positive economic spin-offs of the O.J. Simpson drama finally appeared: *New Yorker* newsstand sales are up and media interest has caused municipal officials to order $250,000 in renovations to the courthouse press gallery. President Clinton staked out his position on values in a speech to Baptists. He is in favor of safe communities and children who don't commit crimes.

HASTY HAITI: Bill Clinton has consulted just about everyone in the world on the matter of invading Haiti; everyone, that is, with the exception of one very important group: the American people, via their elected representatives in Congress. The Republicans, who oppose an invasion of Haiti because polls say most of the public is against it, are no doubt playing politics with the issue. Still, it's good *politics* for Clinton to agree with them. As we went to press (just before the president addressed the American people on Haiti), the official White House position hadn't changed: an invasion would be a "police activity," like the adventures in Grenada and Panama, and therefore would not require Congress's approval. In narrow legal terms, this is probably right. The War Powers Act doesn't impose an absolute requirement on the president to seek *prior* congressional approval for the use of force. It merely obligates him to seek it after the action has begun, if it could last more than sixty days. But this is not a decision to be made legalistically. American lives are about to be put at risk to restore democracy and remake a poor and disorderly island. This may or may not be a wise thing to do (we favor it). But for months now, the administration has drifted toward invasion without really testing the idea in the crucible of debate. Not only is this against the spirit of the Constitution, it's against the interests of the president. Naturally, he will reap the credit if, as everyone hopes, Haiti's military quickly crumbles and democracy breaks out once more. But if problems mount—if American troops start getting picked off by terrorists loyal to the deposed regime, say—the public and Congress will have no one to blame but Clinton. The resulting quarrel could demoralize our troops and short-circuit the mission. Better to have agreement in favor of the use of force beforehand, in order to share the responsibility when the going gets rough. And if President Clinton has so far avoided forging such a consensus because he doubts the task is feasible, that in itself may be a reason to rethink it.

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You always said you'd start
planning for the future when
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Then it was when you got married.
Then when you had kids.
So what's your plan?

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STOP LYING ABOUT MY RECORD: "Try to imagine an America without principled opposition to the president," wrote Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole in *The New York Times* last week. "Would Franklin D. Roosevelt have succeeded in packing the Supreme Court? Would Harry S. Truman have set a dangerous precedent by drafting striking railroad workers into the Army? Would the Watergate cover-up have succeeded?" Well, uh, actually it would have, if Dole had gotten his way. As Richard Nixon's Republican national chairman, the senator was one of the most feverish Watergate deniers, charging that opposition was a conspiracy to bring down the president. "The greatest political scandal of this campaign is the brazen manner in which, without benefit of clergy, *The Washington Post* has set up housekeeping with the McGovern campaign," Dole fumed in one speech. "With his campaign collapsing around his ears, Mr. McGovern some weeks back became the beneficiary of the most extensive journalistic rescue-and-salvage operation in American politics." That, as they say, was then.

PURPLE PROSE: Among the supporters of Marion Barry in his cynical—and successful—attempt to recapture the Democratic nomination for mayor of D.C. was poet Maya Angelou. "It takes somebody who has fallen and gotten up and dares to say, 'I'm sorry, now let's get together and make ourselves a brand new world,' " President Clinton's inaugural poet told *The Boston Globe*. But she followed this "brand new world" patter with something a little weirder. "It is one thing to be pristine pure, but how can you really encourage young men and women who are down in the gutter if you have no skeletons in your closet?" In other words: Washingtonians should support Barry not despite his vices, but because of them. His crack pipe of a few years ago is part of what qualifies him for office! This, from someone who has become one of the oracles of the African American community. Angelou is preaching nothing but a purple fatalism. Can you really encourage young men and women in the gutter by teaching them that they must choose between purity and addiction?

NOW THAT'S DIVERSITY:

Moose finalist to head project

—*The Sunday Oregonian*, September 11

HOME NEWS: David Greenberg, a former TNR reporter-researcher, returns as managing editor. His last job was as Bob Woodward's assistant on *The Agenda*. •

Paul Cameron, professional sham.

QUEER SCIENCE

By Mark E. Pietrzyk

In the world of anti-gay activism, researcher Paul Cameron is something of a darling. When columnist Pat Buchanan wrote about AIDS and gay death in March 1993, he cited a study by Cameron. When columnist Don Feder wrote about gay servicemen and child molestation in July 1993, he also cited Cameron. Two years ago Cameron served as the scientific consultant for both the Oregon Citizens Alliance and Colorado for Family Values, the main groups pushing anti-gay referenda on those states' election ballots. Statistics from Cameron's studies were included in "Gay Agenda," a videotape produced by the religious right and widely circulated during last year's debate on gays in the military. Also last year, officials of the U.S. Navy and Army circulated Cameron's studies around the Pentagon as they tried to block Bill Clinton's softening of the gay ban. More recently, officials of Clinton's Justice Department cited a Cameron study in a brief prepared in connection with a gay ban lawsuit.

So who is Paul Cameron? Not the dispassionate, respected analyst that these boosters would have you believe. Cameron is chairman of the Family Research Institute (FRI), an arch-right Washington think tank that counts neanderthal GOP Representative Robert Dornan of California among its national advisory board members. Cameron himself is also a demonizer of gays: several times he has proposed the tattooing and quarantining of AIDS patients and the extermination of male homosexuals. Most important, he is the architect of unreliable "surveys" that purport to show strains of violence and depravity in gay life.

Until 1980 Cameron was an instructor of psychology at the University of Nebraska. When his teaching contract was not renewed, he devoted himself fulltime to a think tank he founded called the Institute for the Scientific Investigation of Sexuality (ISIS), where he touted himself as an expert on sexuality, particularly on the societal consequences of homosexuality. During the 1980s he published hysterical pamphlets alleging that gays were disproportionately responsible for serial killings, child molestation and other heinous crimes.

Shortly after Cameron made these claims, several psychologists whose work he had referenced—including Dr. A. Nicholas Groth, director of the Sex Offender Program at the Connecticut Department of Corrections—charged Cameron with distorting their findings in order to promote his anti-gay agenda. When the Ameri

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can Psychological Association (APA) investigated Cameron, it found that he not only misrepresented the work of others but also used unsound methods in his own studies. For this ethical breach, the APA expelled Cameron in December 1983. (Although Cameron claims he resigned, APA bylaws prohibit members from resigning while under investigation.)

In 1987 Cameron moved to Washington and created FRI, a "non-profit educational and scientific corporation." Ever since, he has been a virtual one-man propaganda press, periodically revising his brochures and distributing them to policymakers. "Published scientific material has a profound impact on society," he has said.

Unfortunately, the misrepresentations persist. Distortions and sloppy methods continue to shape Cameron's studies. As anyone who has taken a statistics class knows, a survey is valid only if the sample it uses is representative of the whole population. Sex surveys pose a particular problem, since many people who normally would be included in a representative sample are loath to discuss their private lives. That, however, hasn't deterred Cameron from his work.

Consider, for instance, his 1983 ISIS study, a survey of the sexual and social behavior of 4,340 adults in five American cities. Although thousands of heterosexuals allegedly responded to his survey, Cameron could get only forty-one gay men and twenty-four lesbians to respond. The extremely small sample size should have invalidated any conclusions about the sexual behavior of the gay population. In any case, the skewed results of the survey show that Cameron did not get an adequate random sample of *heterosexuals* either. He claims to have found that 52 percent of male heterosexuals have shoplifted; that 34 percent have committed a crime without being caught; and that 12 percent have either committed or attempted to commit murder. Most people would toss out such a survey, but Cameron published the results in several pamphlets and in "Effect of Homosexuality upon Public Health and Social Order," an article in *Psychological Reports.*

In one pamphlet, *Murder, Violence and Homosexuality*, Cameron asserts that you are fifteen times more apt to be killed by a homosexual than by a heterosexual during a sexual murder spree; that homosexuals have committed the most sexual conspiracy murders; and that half of all sex murderers are homosexuals. Cameron based these conclusions on a sample of thirty-four serial killers he selected from the years 1966 to 1983. He stacked the deck not only by including phony figures (he counts in his sample the claims of Henry Lee Lucas, who subsequently recanted his boast that he murdered hundreds of people) but by examining only those serial killers with an apparent sexual motive. This allowed him to include John Wayne Gacy and his victims but to exclude the great majority of serial killers who are heterosexual, according to sociologist Jack Levin, the author of *Mass Murder: America's Growing Menace.*

COVER FROM A PAUL CAMERON PAMPHLET

In Cameron's writings on child molestation—the pamphlet *Child Molestation and Homosexuality* and two published articles, "Homosexual Molestation of Children/Sexual Interaction of Teacher and Pupil" and "Child Molestation and Homosexuality"—he concludes that gays have perpetrated between one-third and one-half of all child molestations; that homosexual teachers have committed between one-quarter and four-fifths of all molestations of pupils; and that gays are ten to twenty times more apt to molest children than are heterosexuals. These figures are said to be based on the content of other child molestation studies, yet Cameron has distorted those studies to get the results he wants. For example, he defines all adult male molestation of male children as molestations committed by homosexuals, a definition rejected by the very experts Cameron cites. Groth, among other experts, has explicitly said that most molesters of boys are in fact men who are heterosexual in their adult relationships. These men are attracted to boys, he says, largely because of the feminine characteristics of prepubescents, such as a lack of body hair.

Cameron also has provided anti-gay organizations with research indicating absurdly high rates of extreme sex practices and venereal diseases among gays and lesbians. In his pamphlets on these subjects, Cameron has claimed, for instance, that 29 percent of gay men practice "urine sex" and that 37 percent of gay men have sadomasochistic sex. Gay men, he says, are fourteen times more apt to have syphilis than heterosexual men and are three times more apt to have had lice. Lesbians are said to be nineteen times more apt to have syphilis than straight women and are four times more apt to have had scabies. Cameron's findings, however, are

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based on two sources: his discredited 1983 ISIS survey and other studies that ignore random sampling techniques. Several studies Cameron cites to support his conclusions rely on the responses of gay men who were recruited entirely from V.D. clinics.

A Cameron study that has received perhaps the most attention is "The Lifespan of Homosexuals." It concludes that less than 2 percent of gay men survive to old age; that lesbians have a median age of death of 45; that gays are 116 times more apt to be murdered than straight men and twenty-four times more apt to commit suicide, etc. The source of this material? A comparison of obituaries from gay newspapers with a sample from regular newspapers—a method that would be laughed at by any reputable scholar. Obituaries in gay papers do not accurately portray deaths in the gay population as a whole. They are not meant to provide a public record of deaths of all gays but to allow members of the urban gay community to express mourning for their peers, particularly those whose lives have been cut short by illness or accident. Gays who die outside these communities or who die of natural causes are much less likely to be written up in a gay paper.

In the coming months, public debate over gay issues is going to get even more intense; the military gay ban question is far from settled, and at least two states may see anti-gay referenda on their ballots this fall. Cameron will help out with these campaigns as he pushes his new book, *The Gay Nineties*. His research will again be cited by anti-gay activists everywhere. It's time to set the record straight.

MARK E. PIETRZYK is a research analyst for Log Cabin Republicans.

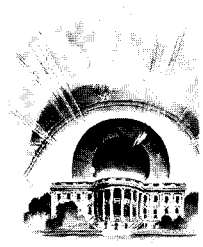
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SCALDED DOGS

By Fred Barnes

Campaigning for re-election in Nevada this fall, Democratic Senator Richard Bryan hasn't wavered in his thirty-second T.V. spots. The president's plan to commit American troops to an invasion? He's for it. Only the president is George Bush and the invasion, Desert Storm, occurred in 1991. In the same ad, Bryan mentions two of President Clinton's policies, the 1993 tax increase and opposition to the balanced budget amendment. Bryan boasts of breaking with Clinton both times, voting against the tax hike ("one of only five Democrats") and supporting the amendment. In North Carolina, Democratic Representative Martin Lancaster is closer to Clinton, especially in the T.V. commercials of his Republican opponent, Walter Jones. One Jones ad features a photo of Lancaster and the president. The voiceover says: "Bill Clinton. Martin Lancaster. What a team!" Then, after noting that Lancaster "votes for Bill Clinton's liberal programs 81 percent of the time," the ad shows the congressman and Clinton jogging together. "How'd Martin Lancaster get so out of touch? Well, look who he's running around with in Washington."

No doubt Clinton would prefer to hide in the knee-hole of his desk for the midterm congressional election. But he won't. "He's going to be all over the country," insists adviser George Stephanopoulos. Not quite everywhere, though. Clinton will concentrate on the regions where he's not a pariah—the Northeast, the upper Midwest, the Pacific Coast. His emphasis will be on raising money for Democrats. A trip to Kansas City, Chicago and Minneapolis in late September should yield about $2.5 million for Senate candidates. Not bad. But beyond raising money, Clinton's campaigning won't have much of an impact on congressional races, his aides argue. "This is not a national campaign," says Tony Coelho, the unpaid presidential political adviser. "This is local."



That's true, as far as it goes. Presidential appearances are micro events that rarely affect the outcome of races. If Missouri Senate candidate Alan Wheat loses, it won't be because of Clinton's plan to stump for him on September 21. The problem for Democrats like Wheat, however, is the macro Clinton factor in the election: the president's unpopularity. If his public approval rating were 65 percent, the effect would be to boost Democratic prospects nationwide. But it's 39 percent, according to a recent CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll, and thus a wholly negative factor. In a Labor Day speech in Bath, Maine, Clinton declared that he "ran for president because I thought this country was in danger of going in the wrong direction." Now voters think the direction is worse than ever. In a national poll by the Wirthlin Group conducted just after Labor Day, 71 percent said the country is on the wrong track.

The Clinton factor—the doubts about his character, the unpopular policies, the White House screwups—has created a hostile environment for Democrats, particularly in the South, the Southwest, the Mountain and Plains states and in chunks of the Midwest. The favorite ploy of GOP candidates for Congress is to offer to pay for Clinton to come and campaign for their Democratic opponents. They're never taken up on the offer. In fact no Democratic congressional candidate has asked Clinton to campaign on his or her behalf, nor have Democrats streamed to the White House to be photographed with the commander in chief. Republican National Chairman Haley Barbour claims Democrats are fleeing Clinton "like scalded dogs."

Actually, many Democrats ignore the president. But they're only following the advice of Clinton pollster Stanley Greenberg. In his "Strategic Guide to the 1994 Elec

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tion" for Democratic candidates, Greenberg said his polling in four swing districts found that Democrats gain when they run "on their accomplishments and their agenda to help people at home. There is no reason to highlight these as Clinton or Democratic proposals." Even Democrats openly linked to Clinton are wary of having the relationship exaggerated. "I'm not going to wrap myself in anybody else's garments," said Senator Charles Robb of Virginia. Richard Fisher, the Senate candidate in Texas, groused that Republican Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison is trying to "hang Bill Clinton around my neck."

The conventional wisdom is that Clinton's unpopularity will energize Republicans and depress Democratic turnout. We'll see. Certainly, Democratic core voters are demoralized because of Clinton's failure to achieve much from the liberal agenda. The president's major pieces of legislation—the 1993 budget stressing deficit reduction, NAFTA and the crime bill—are bills George Bush cheerfully would have signed. But the Clinton effect is stronger on marginal Democrats. Some have begun identifying themselves (to pollsters) as Republicans, at least for this election cycle. In the Wirthlin survey, 41 percent of Americans of voting age said they're inclined to vote for a Republican for Congress, 35 percent for a Democrat. This is roughly the reverse of a year ago.

Republicans run the risk of overdosing on Clinton-bashing. Greenberg said that when Republicans try to make a congressional race solely a referendum on Clinton, Democrats pick up votes. This wasn't the case in the Kentucky special election last June, though, in which Republican Ron Lewis won a seat that had been Democratic for 129 years. Lewis ran a T.V. ad showing his opponent slowly dissolve into Clinton. Republican Tom Coburn is using this gimmick against Democratic Representative Mike Synar in Oklahoma. David Carney of the National Republican Senatorial Committee says GOP candidates shouldn't dwell on Clinton because "you can't count on him to be so low in the polls. The last thing you want is to build a campaign that's totally out of your control and influence."

Clinton has a plan for increasing his popularity. He'll hobnob with visitors like Boris Yeltsin, hold signing ceremonies for minor bills and talk up two big issues, the economy and crime. Some Republican consultants worry that an emphasis on, as Carney put it, "the economy, the economy, the economy" might help Clinton, alerting people that fiscal matters are better off than they think. The president previewed this tack at the White House on August 5, the first anniversary of the passage of his economic plan: "When we have the deficit coming down for three years in a row for the first time since Truman was president, when we are moving toward the smallest federal government that we've had since Kennedy was president, and when the economy is growing this rapidly ... we're not doing bad." And when he signed the crime bill on September 13, Clinton treated it as a milestone in human history. The South Lawn ceremony had the pomp of a college graduation, with officials proceeding to the podium after being announced by loudspeaker. "One of the reasons that I sought this office was to get this bill," Clinton said. Of course, the bill was mostly drafted without White House help.

There's an uncanny parallel to this year's election—1946. Then, the economy was booming, but President Harry Truman, like Clinton now, was the political equivalent of a goalie on a dart team. His popularity had plunged from 87 percent to 32 percent. Truman seemed unpresidential and his White House was chaotic and blunder-prone. Republicans captured the House and Senate in a landslide and assumed they'd grab the presidency in 1948. But Truman steadied himself and the rest is history that Clinton would be wise to study very, very carefully. •

A better way to help the homeless.

OUT IN THE COLD

By Sally Satel

On a November night last year a 43-year-old mentally ill homeless woman named Yetta Adams died on a bench across the street from the Department of Housing and Urban Development in Washington, D.C. Earlier that day administration officials had been hunkered down in the HUD building, writing Bill Clinton's policy on homelessness. Although the tragic coincidence did not go unnoticed, its lessons did. The government's proposal, *Priority Home!—The Federal Plan to Break the Cycle of Homelessness*, still leaves many homeless people out in the cold.

The problem with the 126-page plan is that it doubles the HUD housing budget, from $823 million to $1.7 billion per year, but doesn't increase the $50 million the Department of Health and Human Services devotes to treatment services for the mentally ill homeless, such as psychiatric care, intensive case management and on-site supervision. While housing is key to getting people off the street, mentally ill tenants who do not receive treatment are at great risk of getting evicted from their apartments or simply walking away from them and becoming homeless once again.

The administration recognizes the seriousness of this issue. According to government estimates, 200,000 homeless people—about one-third of a nightly homeless count—are mentally ill; about half of them use drugs or alcohol. The administration also talks of forging "linkages" between housing and mental health services. So why does *Priority Home!* offer so little treatment? Perhaps because the group that wrote the plan, the Interagency Council on the Homeless—a coordinating body for federal agencies—is dominated by HUD. It is

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financed by HUD, its chairman is the HUD secretary and its office is located in the HUD building. No wonder *Priority Home!* is fixated on housing.

Also, the council assumed that universal coverage would be enacted through the president's Health Security Act and that the mentally ill homeless would get the same Health Security Cards as the rest of us. Of course, no such coverage is likely to pass Congress anytime soon. Even if it did, it wouldn't help the homeless negotiate the red tape involved in obtaining the cards. Moreover, the act's benefit package would not cover long-term psychiatric care until the year 2001.

While waiting for the millennium, the plan would have the mentally ill homeless receive care from mainstream public mental health and substance abuse programs. But not only are these treatment sources inadequate for this special population, they are overflowing. According to the Center for Mental Health Services, thirty states have acknowledged that they can serve only 40 percent of their severely mentally ill residents in community mental health centers. Without greater financing, they couldn't possibly absorb all the mentally ill homeless.

This mismatch between what *Priority Home!* says and what it does also may reflect a larger confusion about the relationship between mental illness and homelessness. In the early 1980s psychosis and severe depression were said to be responses to the stress of street life. While this notion has lost popular support, some still subscribe to it, believing the logical remedy is housing—not services. Today, it is generally accepted that mental illnesses such as schizophrenia or manic depression are not caused by homelessness. And while mentally ill people can become homeless because of poverty and alienation, mental instability makes it even more likely. This is why treatment must accompany housing.

What kind of treatment? That depends on one's condition. The hard-core mentally ill homeless, who make up an estimated 5 percent of the total homeless population, cannot be treated in the community; they need to be institutionalized. An example is Larry Hogue, New York City's "Wild Man of Ninety-Sixth Street." For years 50-year-old Hogue smoked crack and terrorized residents of the Upper West Side. After many trips to the emergency room and jail, he was finally sent, against his will, to a state mental hospital. Homeless people who are threats to themselves, such as Yetta Adams, also require forcible treatment. A schizophrenic substance abuser, Adams was "gravely disabled"—unable even to secure food, clothing and medical care. Why was nothing done? Washington, D.C., does not permit forced institutionalization of the gravely disabled.

For the rest of the mentally ill homeless, one approach is placement in a hotel-like building with small private rooms. Some psychiatric professionals believe this option, Single Room Occupancy, is viable, as long as mentally ill occupants visit their local mental health clinic regularly. The administration seems to agree. *Priority Home!* worries about our inability to accommodate the mentally ill homeless in the community and calls for more "low-demand, non-threatening housing alternatives"—i.e., more SROs.

Yet others believe SROs are too unstructured. They prefer an intensive community-based approach known as Assertive Community Treatment. This strategy begins with outreach workers combing cities to persuade the mentally ill homeless to accept a brief psychiatric hospitalization designed to stabilize, detoxify and diagnose them. Next comes placement in housing staffed by mental health professionals. Residents are assigned case managers, who assess clinical needs, work with a psychiatrist in the community, instill abstinence and teach patients how to manage on their own. Medication is given in a long-lasting injectable form, so noncompliance is less of a problem.

Community treatment has been perfected over the past fifteen years by clinicians who treat schizophrenic patients. It has been tested in Baltimore, New York, St. Louis and other major cities, where it reduced the number of days individuals stay in jail, on the street and in the hospital. Despite the programs' success, however, less than half of HHS's treatment program for the mentally ill homeless goes for case management services. Admittedly, the process is expensive: the cost of coordinated mental health treatment is $8,000 or more per person annually. Yet the administration plans to spend only one-tenth of that on treatment. Even with contributions from state and local governments and not-for-profit groups, more federal resources are needed—at the very least, a proportionate increase in treatment services to match the expansion in housing.

How to provide it? Reallocate. Since more money will be going to build public housing for the homeless, fewer short-term shelter beds will be needed. As new housing is built, the money spent on maintaining these beds should be shifted to treatment—an efficient strategy, since one night in a shelter costs $50-$60 per day, as much as one day of supervised housing plus intensive case management, treatment and professional services. The new time limit on social security disability benefit payments to addicts and alcoholics could be another source of funds. Congress has curtailed these benefits—which now total about $320 million per year—because recipients often used them to finance their habits. Since about half of the mentally ill homeless are substance abusers, some savings should go for treatment, to preserve the intent of the original expenditure—helping drug users and alcoholics clean up.

Congress should consider these and other options when it debates legislation inspired by *Priority Home!* While HUD reauthorization bills allow states to spend part of their financing for treatment, they aren't obligated to—and that's too bad. All the housing in Washington wouldn't have helped Yetta Adams. She needed intensive psychiatric care. On the night she died, a home was not a priority for her.

SALLY SATEL, an assistant professor of psychiatry at Yale University School of Medicine, is a 1993-94 Robert Wood Johnson Health Policy Fellow.

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Castro struggles to stay afloat.

THE LONG, LONG GOOD-BYE

By Charles Lane

HAVANA

To gauge the novelty and magnitude of what has happened in Cuba this summer, it helps to visit the Museum of the March of the Combative People, on palm-shaded Fifth Avenue in Havana's Miramar district. The exhibition is dedicated to the parade of 1 million Cubans that Fidel Castro staged in response to the 1980 refugee crisis that led to the Mariel boatlift. Black-and-white photographs depict Cubans screaming at the "lumpen" who sought asylum in the Peruvian Embassy. Large-type slogans hail the mobs Castro organized to insult and beat up "anti-socials." A special corner is reserved for messages of solidarity from the likes of Erich Honecker and Mengistu Haile Mariam.

Fourteen years later, as thousands of *balseros*, or rafters, fled the island, Castro's government was barely able to muster a whisper of organized condemnation of them. Castro himself has seldom appeared in public. Official media have ignored the *balseros* except to issue terse communiqués about the hazards of making the trip, and to blame the island's economic plight on the U.S. trade embargo.

Castro didn't even try to mount his first show of mass support for the revolution until September 7. That day, the government-run Federation of University Students (FEU) held a rally at the University of Havana, billed as "an act of patriotic reaffirmation." Students from all Havana high schools and universities, and from two nearby provinces, were instructed to attend. The message was clear: be there, or else.

The rally flopped. The crowd, numbering at most a few thousand (many in military uniforms), was listless. When student leader Otto Rivero called for a round of *vivas* in honor of the Blas Roca Contingent (the goon-squad-cum-construction-brigade that broke up an August 5 anti-Castro riot on the Havana waterfront), not even Blas Roca members themselves joined in. By the time Grupo Moncada, normally a crowd-pleaser, began to play its revolutionary ballads, people were streaming for the exits. As one student mounted his bicycle and began pedaling away, I overheard him singing softly to himself, "*este hombre está loco*"—the lyrics of a forbidden song mocking the commander in chief.

The crisis has both exposed and accelerated a dramatic drop in Fidel's *poder de convocatoria*. This term refers to a Latin American political concept, the ability to demonstrate power by mobilizing large numbers of people. No Latin American leader can survive long without it. For thirty-five years Fidel Castro has been able to call the Cuban people into the streets at will. Whether they came out of genuine sympathy, or out of fear of reprisals for not showing up, hardly mattered.

Now, however, Castro's stumbling political response to the *balsero* movement shows that not even he can think of much to say in defense of a system whose old mechanisms of reward and punishment are eroding. With Cuba in economic free-fall since the flow of subsidized food and oil from the former Soviet bloc ended, Fidel cannot deny that he has little to offer those Cubans who stand with him. He has been reduced to handing out bags of basic goods to the army and members of the party. Outside the swanky Comodoro Hotel in Havana, I spoke with a troop of "vanguard" university students who had been given coupons for a half-dozen free beers at the hotel disco in exchange for two weeks of work at a pharmaceutical plant.

The threat to deny someone his or her job in reprisal for not showing up at a rally doesn't mean much when the average monthly salary is equivalent to only a couple of black-market dollars. Many, including professionals, have already quit their formal employment to seek dollar jobs in hotels, taxis or, in the case of women, as so-called *jineteras*—hookers—serving the booming, yet still officially denied, sexual tourism trade. Otherwise, most Cubans are caught in a weary daily grind of walking or biking to a pointless job, followed by waiting in line for stingy food rations. They're too tired and hungry for harangues on sacrifice. Even those who may want to attend political meetings and rallies can't find a functioning bus to take them there. "He can't give us eggs to throw at the 'lumpen' this time," Angel, a male nurse, told me. "Everyone would eat them instead."

More fundamentally, Castro has suffered a catastrophic collapse in legitimacy and personal credibility. This cycle of decay probably passed the point of no return in 1989, when Castro staged a show trial that led to the execution, against most Cubans' wishes, of

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the popular Army general Arnaldo Ochoa.

It accelerated further when Castro introduced his mass tourism program to earn hard currency. Tourism netted only $250 million in revenue last year, according to Julio Carranza, assistant director of the semi-official Center for the Study of the Americas in Havana. That's about $25 per Cuban. This modest infusion of foreign exchange has been canceled out by the political cost of "tourism apartheid"—a deeply offensive official ban on Cuban entry to hotels and restaurants for foreigners—and of a two-class system divided between tourism workers and everyone else. Castro's decision last year to legalize the holding of dollars only exacerbated the tension between those who have access to dollars from foreigners, or from relatives in Miami, and those who do not.

This summer, Castro seems to have alienated all but a hard core of loyalists. The critical day was July 13. After months of mounting tension between police and people attempting to flee the island, Cuban Coast Guard boats rammed and sank a hijacked ferry boat full of dozens of men, women and children bound for the United States. The screams of the drowning were audible on shore, but government troops apparently made little effort to rescue them; thirty-two people died. Later, Castro portrayed the disaster as an accident. No Cuban I spoke with believed him. Norberto Fuentes, a recent defector who was once close to Castro, told me that "several thousand" Communist Party members turned in their membership cards as a result of the incident.

The August 5 riot, the worst in Havana since 1959, broke out when would-be *balseros* seized weapons from two policemen who were trying to stop them, and shot the cops dead. Thousands joined the melee. Only the intervention of Blas Roca units and the arrest of thousands by riot police stopped it. Some 500 people remain in jail on charges of "rebellion," according to foreign human rights monitors. No one believes Fidel's claim that "the combative people" thwarted the "counter-revolutionaries." In fact, many people told me the "Blas Roca" members were really state security men in disguise. The majority of Cubans appear to have greeted the riot, in which Castro's shock troops were badly bloodied, with glee. "Even those people who had always shown the typical face of a party militant were smiling and laughing and urging the people on," a 38-year-old Havana actor told me.

Now that a U.S.-Cuban agreement on expanded legal immigration apparently has stemmed the flow of rafters, the question is: Was this summer's drama just a fleeting moment of weakness from which Castro will soon recover, or is it the beginning of permanent change? Historically, Cuba has seemed doomed to dictatorship because of the weakness of its civil society—institutions that mediate between individuals and the state, sustaining self-government. But now, at last, there are grounds for tentative optimism about civil society in Cuba.

First, the unruly events of the summer triggered an upsurge in political conversation, a change that both reflects and threatens the system's weakened capacity for control. During a week spent visiting with Cubans from all strata of society, I was stunned by how often and how readily people offered up anti-Castro comments—many harsh, some hateful. Castro's neighborhood snoops, the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, have either ceased to function, or, in some cases, thrown in their lot with fed-up neighbors.

It isn't just the political weather that has changed; the climate has, too. You could see this graphically at La Iglesia de Regla, in a sprawling low-income barrio abutting the Bay of Havana. September 7 (the same day the government rally fizzled at the University) was the annual Feast of the Virgin of Regla, and the church was packed. Many prayed to the Virgin to protect their relatives who had left in rafts. In *santería*, the Afro-Cuban folk religion widely practiced in Regla, the Virgin of Regla is identified with Yemayá, a West African deity of the seas. One by one, worshipers approached the tall, dark-skinned statue of the Virgin, kissing their fingers and pressing them to the hem of her blue robe. Some laid flowers at her feet. Others simply stood and gazed.

There were riots in Regla last year when soldiers killed a young man trying to flee on a raft. Since then, police are everywhere in Regla. Everyone who came to Mass passed a cordon of riot cops; the church was filled with plainclothes infiltrators. So when the Regla worshipers capped off exuberant choruses of a folk-song version of *Ave Maria* with a thunderous round of rhythmic hand-clapping, it carried an unmistakable air of defiance. "We are praying for change," a young woman told me. Several of her friends nodded in agreement.

Both *santería* and Roman Catholicism are enjoying a new popularity, and the Church has been increasingly outspoken against Castro's regime. But these are not the only revived social groupings. The exodus of rafters itself was a collective, organized phenomenon. Festival-like meetings were convened on the beaches to see the rafters off—and to protect them from police. Carpenters and craftsmen hired themselves out to build rafts, and workers at state enterprises, with the paid collaboration of their bosses, diverted tires, oil drums and lumber into the raft-construction business. Elsewhere, hundreds of small *paladares*, or home restaurants, continue to operate in secret, despite a decree by Castro earlier this year that led to the shutdown of some 2,000 of the once-legal enterprises.

In Miramar, I met Sandra Cevallos, 33, a painter whose work was censored by the government only five years ago. She is now opening Havana's first free art gallery in a small wing of her home—with the grudging consent of local authorities. Cevallos told me she and her colleagues hope to sell their paintings to foreigners to earn dollars for art supplies. In Vedado, I met Alfredo, who makes shoes and sandals at home for

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sale to state-run tourist shops. His mini-enterprise is one of the craft and repair trades newly tolerated by the government. Even the image of Cuba's dissident groups as scattered and irrelevant may need revision. The lengthening list of recently jailed activists is a backhanded sign that the ranks of pro-democracy organizations have grown gradually despite repression.

If civil society is to emerge in Cuba, it will probably have to gel from these disparate elements: folk religion, nascent free economic activity, frustrated would-be exiles and human rights groups. Yet each of these factors is still to some degree both self-limiting and limited by the state. *Santería* lacks any formal hierarchy or membership structure, a fact that historically has rendered its ranks vulnerable to state infiltration. It is oriented to specific, individual requests for divine dispensation—more money, better health—not a doctrine of collective redemption.

Rather, the roots of the religion lie in the adaptation of African slaves to the authority of their masters. The

Tunnel Vision

Belching black exhaust, a giant Soviet-made dump truck lurches forward and disappears through a concrete archway into a Havana hillside. Half an hour later the truck emerges, laden with whitish soil and rock, which it proceeds to dump on a chalky pile of similar stuff nearby. All day, trucks shuttle back and forth, carrying out their curious excavations. Sometimes, people living near the site hear muffled explosions. The digging and blasting have been going on for nearly four years now. "At the beginning, it was terrifying," one neighbor told me. "The explosions would shake the house. Now they must be pretty far along, because you can barely hear the explosions inside the hill."

Welcome to the People's Tunnels—Fidel Castro's scheme for an interconnected network of concrete-reinforced refuges to hide the Cuban army, and the Cuban people, in the event of an American invasion. The origins of the labyrinth go back to 1980, when wars in Central America and Afghanistan heightened cold war tensions between the Carter administration and Cuba. Castro announced a new strategy, called "The War of All the People," inspired, he said, by the North Vietnamese. With Soviet help, he began arming a 1 million-member territorial militia and training it in guerrilla warfare. U.S. forces, he said, would find Cuba transformed into an unconquerable "armed anthill."

Excavations on the network of bunkers and tunnels accelerated in 1981, after Secretary of State Alexander Haig threatened to "go to the source" of Marxist guerrilla activity in Central America. He meant Cuba. By 1984 the country was devoting one-quarter of its annual cement production to building military fortifications, and 20,000 workers were engaged in the project, according to official Cuban reports. Digging intensified again in 1991, after the U.S.-led air assault in the Gulf war convinced Castro that he needed even better protection for his army troops, the territorial militia, and military equipment. A Havana resident told me he recently had been sent to work in one tunnel wide enough for trucks and tanks to enter; it was stacked high with "immense boxes of bombs."

In 1992 Castro's brother, Defense Minister Raúl Castro, who is supervising the project, appeared on Cuban television touring a People's Tunnel outfitted with a fresh-water well and a primary school. Government T.V. showed other tunnels with hospitals, dining areas—even a post office. As of 1993 the government was claiming that a tunnel network for the entire province of Matanzas, just east of Havana, had been completed, along with similar tunnel systems in two large provincial towns, Manzanillo and Trinidád. Castro is widely believed to have built one or more bunkers for himself and his general staff.

It is unlikely that all the tunnels are the comfy subterranean suburbs depicted on government T.V. Cubans who have visited other tunnels describe them as dark, clammy and poorly ventilated, with no supplies of any kind stockpiled inside. Nor has the tunnel project been immune to the worker absenteeism, material shortages and disorganization that plague just about every Cuban construction project. A 28-year-old member of one of Havana's "micro-brigade" construction crews told me that in the three years he worked on a tunnel in the Playa section of town, the excavation advanced a whopping thirty-two meters—about ten meters per year. Day after day he hacked away at the rocks with a pick and a jackhammer, sweltering in oppressive heat, with only a single lantern to illuminate the tunnel. He and his coworkers feared cave-ins, like the one that recently caused several injuries in the town of San Miguel de Padron. Though paid double the average monthly salary to help excavate the tunnels, this worker finally quit in a dispute over a lack of decent food at the site.

To hungry Cubans, of course, the very idea of entombing scarce food, water and medicine in anticipation of a U.S. invasion is a bitter joke. New housing and hospital construction was suspended as a fuel- and money-saving measure in 1991; other economic activity also has been paralyzed. Yet the tunnels remain an officially designated priority project, absorbing large quantities of fuel, cement, dollars and skilled labor. A piece of black humor circulating in Havana holds that Castro really plans to use the tunnels as a mass grave for Cubans who starve to death—or whom his forces kill in a popular uprising.

Whatever he intends to do with the tunnels, the Cuban leader probably sees the project as a means to focus his restive people's attention on the purported threat from the north, as opposed to their problems at home. Stalin is said to have told his Romanian protégé Gheorghe Gheorgiu-Dej: "You must keep the masses occupied. Give them a big project to do." Consciously or not, Castro has followed this advice throughout his career. He has launched one grandiose plan after another, from the 10 million-ton sugar harvest of 1970 to "the project of the century"—a still-unfinished Soviet-model nuclear plant near Cienfuegos. But having failed in those attempts to establish a socialist paradise on earth, there's little chance Castro will achieve the even more improbable objective of constructing one below ground.

CHARLES LANE

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double identity given to the saints of the Spanish reflected slaves' protective dualism—obedient workers who accepted the Church in front of their masters while sticking with their deities in private. The parallel with modern Cubans' *doble conciencia* under communism is clear. "People have looked for an escape in religion," a medical intern told me. "All they want is a little peace they don't have at home or in the street."

Castro has the means to keep black-marketeers and other independent economic actors off balance. In Regla, I saw police rummaging through the bags of residents who recently had returned from the countryside, to see if they were attempting to import forbidden food for sale in the capital. Government newspapers recently hailed a roundup of nineteen *macetas*—the new term for those who get rich wheeling and dealing—which resulted in the confiscation of thirteen cars, seven motorcycles, seven houses and four trucks. The police even raided the Coppelia ice cream factory, where workers were stealing vanilla and strawberry ice cream to sell on the black market.

Consequently, black marketeers and independent craftsmen are engaged in a constant, debilitating effort to make just enough money to keep going—but not so much that they might provoke the government to confiscate all that they have. "I don't even advertise," Alfredo, the shoemaker, told me. "If you start any sort of promotion you risk not working anymore. Everything I've experienced leads me to be cautious, because at any moment the repressive state can fall on top of you."

The raft exodus acted as a safety valve for Castro. I met two members of the Association for the Defense of Political Rights, a leading dissident group, as they were preparing to board a raft with sixteen other people. They had been told by state security agents just four days earlier to get out of Cuba. Despite their gradual growth, dissident groups remain legally unrecognized and vulnerable to state efforts to sever their connections with society. Take the case of Francisco Chaviano, a former high school teacher who heads the National Council for Civil Rights. During the first half of this year, a close family member told me, his small cinderblock house in the Havana suburb of Jaimanitas was under siege from thugs who painted threatening graffiti on a wall across the street, threw paint bombs and rocks at the windows and smashed their electric meter.

On the morning of May 7 Francisco received a visit from a stranger who presented him with an envelope full of mysterious documents. As he was reading them, state security agents burst in, arrested him and ransacked his house. Initially he was charged with "hoarding," a charge that subsequently was raised to "possession of state secrets," a reference to the documents that had been planted on him just minutes before the police raid. This sting operation set the pattern for the post-August 5 roundup of two-dozen dissidents, most of whom were held, and some beaten, for "hoarding." The phone lines of Cuba's two most prominent dissidents, Elizardo Sánchez and Gustavo Arcos, have been cut. They have been confined to their homes and forbidden to meet with more than one person at a time.

For all their increased willingness to come together and to express opposition to Castro's rule, the Cuban people remain leaderless and, fundamentally, a bit defeatist about generating political change. They have lost their fear, but only up to a point. Conditioned by more than thirty years of tight political control, it is as if they do not know their own strength.

I often heard rage at Castro dissolve into despair, or dreams of escape. At the end of a half-hour conversation with one clandestine human rights activist—a veteran of the Angola War and former leader of the Communist Youth who later helped *balseros* escape when rafting was officially banned—he suddenly abandoned his defiant tone and pleaded with me not to publish his name. "I have a chance to leave for Sweden, and I don't want to risk it," he told me. The agreement with the United States may give Castro leverage over the activists if he can control who is allowed to seek the 20,000 visas the United States will offer.

Still, the consensus among Cubans I spoke with was surprisingly favorable toward Clinton's hardish line, though there was grumbling about restrictions on much-needed dollar remittances from family in Miami. Most said that a prompt end to the U.S. trade embargo would deprive Castro of his final political argument, but that this benefit might be outweighed by an inflow of dollars Castro would use to perpetuate his rule. The Clinton administration's decision to keep out the *balseros*, though a reversal of long-standing policy motivated by Florida politics, did prevent Castro from exporting the human consequences of his fanatical adherence to "Socialism or Death." It also headed off the Cuban's plan to create a diversionary confrontation between himself and the American president.

There is no long-term hope for a stable Cuba, much less a free one, unless civil society is bolstered. Easing the trade embargo should be envisioned only in tandem with a policy to achieve this. Some economic and diplomatic inducements could offer army officers and other loyalists the prospect of surviving, or even prospering, in a freer Cuba. And presenting Castro with reasonable conditions for winning relaxation of U.S. pressure will further discredit him should he refuse—as he is all too likely to do. Cuban officials claim U.S. pressure makes it harder for Castro to reform. This is absurd. Fidel was against change even before the Clinton administration tightened sanctions. He could reverse course tomorrow, if he wanted to. The more he hesitates, the more likely violence on the island becomes. For all the upheaval in Cuba, this much hasn't changed: the country's fate is still mostly Fidel Castro's to decide. •

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Mas Canosa: mobster and megalomaniac.

OUR MAN IN MIAMI

By Ann Louise Bardach

When Jorge Mas Canosa sauntered out of the White House Cabinet Room on August 19—following a ninety-minute meeting with the president of the United States, he was irrepressibly gleeful. Although the combative, scandal-plagued mega-millionaire has long dominated Miami and, to some degree, Florida politics from the bully pulpit of his coffer-rich Cuban American National Foundation (CANF), Mas had just pulled off the coup of his career—dictating America's new Cuba policy.

At the White House meeting, Mas had left nothing to chance. The president, dressed in jeans, cowboy boots and a Western shirt, had left his own birthday party to meet with Mas. Aware of Clinton's habit of adopting the policies of whoever last whispered in his ear, Mas made sure he was heard and remembered. According to those present—the group included Florida's Governor Lawton Chiles and a number of other Miami Cubans, all of whom embrace a confrontational policy toward Cuba—Mas thumped and slapped the table as he spoke, demanding that the president punish Fidel Castro for the refugee crisis. "You must kick out the last leg of the stool," he insisted. According to Mas, who later regaled Miami's Spanish-language television viewers with a dramatic recitation of his conquest, he bellowed at Clinton: "*No tengas piedad!*"—"do not have any pity!"

With the exception of a naval blockade, which the president said he would reserve as a future option, Bill Clinton granted Mas's wish list in its entirety: severing all current flight service between Miami and Cuba for family members; eliminating the cash remittances that U.S. residents could send to their relatives in Cuba; detaining all rafters at the U.S. military base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, and its counterpart in Krome, Florida; and expanding T.V. and Radio Martí (both controlled by Mas Canosa).

Even Mas, long inured to the perks of being the *caudillo* of Miami, seemed dazed by his success. "Bill Clinton deserves our gratitude and recognition," he said giddily. Although a devoted Republican, Mas prevailed with Clinton where he failed with his ideological soulmates: Ronald Reagan and George Bush. And when Castro two days later charged that U.S. policy was in the stranglehold of "the fascist mafia of Miami," Mas was unfazed. "I have very good company," he purred on television. "I stand with the president of the United States." (For this article, repeated requests were made for an interviw with Mas, but they were denied.)

How a liberal Democrat from Arkansas with no discernible interest in foreign policy got tangled up with the roughest, toughest crowd this side of the mujahedin is an interesting question. Some pointed to Clinton's brother-in-law, Hugh Rodham, running for the Senate in Florida. Rodham is married to Maria Victoria Arias, a Cuban whose far-right politics neatly dovetail with Mas's and who has deputized herself White House adviser on Cuba. Others said it was Bob Torricelli, the pugnacious New Jersey congressman, regarded as Mas's most coveted disciple. "Anything the foundation wants," said one Torricelli aide, "it gets."

But for Bill Clinton, the Faustian deal was struck in the spring of 1992 when he realized he was going to lose Florida, the third most populous state, to George Bush. By mid-April Clinton had convinced himself that a foray into Cuban exile politics, rock-solid GOP turf since the Bay of Pigs, would help him take Florida. And so on the afternoon of April 23, 1992, Bill Clinton stood before 300 of Miami's wealthiest Cubans at Victor's Café. For weeks, Little Havana had been buzzing with rumors that Clinton's staff had been negotiating with Mas. "I think this administration has missed a big opportunity to put the hammer down on Fidel Castro and Cuba," Clinton told the rapt crowd, pausing to let the applause wash over him before delivering the coup de grace. "I have read the Torricelli-Graham bill and I like it." The Torricelli bill—the Cuba Democracy Act—forbids U.S. foreign subsidiaries from doing business with Cuba and prohibits ships that dock on the island from touching U.S. shores for six months. By supporting the bill, which had been waterlogged in Congress for more than a year, Clinton forced Bush's hand and Bush was cornered into backing it.

Clinton's politicking paid off. When he left Victor's Café he had nearly $300,000 worth of Mas-controlled Cuban exile money in his campaign coffers. Within a month, he received another $100,000 from other business pals of Mas's. Soon the figure from Florida would

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soar to well over $1 million, roughly half of it from Cuban exiles. The great irony, of course, was that Clinton went on to lose Florida, with the Cuban exile community of Dade County giving 82 percent of its vote to Bush.

"Mas was born and bred by the CIA," says Gaeton Fonzi, a Miami-based writer and authority on Mas who has covered Cuban exile politics for two decades. "He's a master of psychological warfare. Bill Clinton didn't have a prayer once he agreed to dance with Mas." A Bay of Pigs veteran, Mas has never denied his close agency ties and friendships with everyone from former covert operations chief Theodore Shackley to agency head Bill Casey to Felix Rodriguez, whom he proudly introduces to friends as "the guy who killed Che Guevara." According to moderate exile leaders, the sole beneficiary of the new Clinton policy—intended to strangle the Cubans until they revolt—is Jorge Mas Canosa. "The only chance for someone like Mas to come to power in Cuba," explains Wayne Smith, former head of the U.S. Interests Section in Havana, "is a complete collapse of the country, a civil war, leading to a U.S. intervention to install Mas. It's the old 1950s school of CIA thinking about how to get rid of their guy and install our guy."

Throughout the 1980s Mas was a staunch supporter of Casey's covert ventures in Latin America. Among his good friends is Orlando Bosch, identified by *The New York Times* as "one of the hemisphere's most notorious terrorists," who served eleven years in a Venezuelan prison for blowing up a civilian Cuban airplane, killing all seventy-three passengers on board. Then there are the famous Novo brothers—Guillermo and Ignacio—who initially were convicted (later overturned on technicalities) of the 1976 murder of Chilean Ambassador Orlando Letelier on Embassy Row. Mas successfully lobbied Bush to grant residency for Bosch. According to published reports, Mas picked up some of the legal tab for the Novos and then hired them at CANF. He subsequently denied it. During Iran-contra, Mas's name and five phone numbers (including his private home line) were found in Oliver North's notebook.

Mas, 55, was born in Santiago de Cuba, the son of an officer in Batista's Army. He was among the first wave of Cubans—generally wealthy, white Batistianos—who fled to Miami in 1960. Quite recently he has claimed in his biography that he spoke out against the Batista dictatorship, but his critics say there is no independent evidence to support his claim. Like many Cubans, Mas is remarkably industrious. He began washing dishes and today is worth in excess of $100 million. When he isn't globe-trotting to drum up anti-Castro support or lobbying for contracts for his construction company, Mastec, he lives with his wife, Irma, behind electric gates in an enormous block of a house in South Miami replete with a teardrop swimming pool and huge satellite dish perched on its roof. People do not like Mas but they fear him. He is powerful in the way his old pal, Anastasio Somoza, the Nicaraguan leader, was. These days, he barely bristles when called a demagogue, a bully, a mobster and worse. Nevertheless, he buzzes around Miami in a bullet- and bomb-proof Mercedes 560 SEL with his trusty .357 magnum nearby. He also de-bugs his home twice a week.

In 1981 Mas was one of three Cuban millionaires approached by the National Security Council. According to Raul Masvidal, one of the Cuban businessmen involved, the NSC wanted to start an organization that would help popularize the Reagan administration's policies in Latin America. And so was born the Cuban American National Foundation. Today CANF, from its glass offices overlooking the Potomac, is one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington. Claiming nonprofit, tax-exempt status, CANF, or "the foundation" as it is called, has pulled off the feat of securing millions of dollars from government grants, funneling the funds through its various umbrellas and PACs, such as the Free Cuba Committee, and then paying out much of it to favored politicians and causes. Since 1981 more than $200 million of taxpayers' money, according to *Esquire* magazine, has ended up financing "Mas's unceasingly personal war against Fidel Castro."

Additionally, CANF receives as much as $5,000 to $50,000 in annual dues from Mas's tycoon friends who sit on the foundation's board of directors and trustees. Scores of politicians have been enriched by hefty Mas-controlled contributions, most notably Florida Representatives Ileana Ros-Lehtinen and Lincoln Diaz-Balart, Florida Senator Connie Mack, the state's governor, Lawton Chiles, New Jersey Representative Robert Menendez, Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina and, of course, Torricelli, all of whom are reliable pit bulls for CANF. Relationships with Mas can be costly: Torricelli has become *persona non grata* in much of Latin America, a considerable drawback when one is chairman of the Western Hemisphere Subcommittee. On his recent trip to Mexico, Torricelli was rebuffed by President Carlos Salinas and all the presidential candidates, as well as Subcomandante Marcos of Chiapas fame.

Among Mas's legislative coups was pushing Television Martí (1987) through Congress. And he succeeded in the face of overwhelming evidence that no one in Cuba sees Television Martí (the government jams it). It doesn't stop there. In his August meeting with Clinton, Mas convinced the president to increase the $67 million the government already spends on Television Martí. "The first reports to be aired will be the fall of the Berlin Wall," Mas reported after his meeting with Clinton, "We will show the Cuban people ... how they can overthrow a government."

Additionally, Mas plays a huge role in deciding who gets to devise Cuba policy at the State Department. Last year he nixed the nomination of the highly respected Cuban lawyer, Mario Baeza, for assistant secretary of inter-American affairs, charging that Baeza was insufficiently anti-Castro. According to a source close to Baeza, Mas initially supported the nomination; in fact,

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he cheerfully phoned Baeza and offered to fly him to Miami for a meeting. When Baeza declined the invitation, saying he could only meet with interested parties *after* he was confirmed, Mas turned against him. Although non-ideologue Alexander Watson got the job, Mas saw to it that Richard Nuccio, Torricelli's top aide, a CANF loyalist, was installed as Watson's senior adviser.

"We will never forget our friends," warns Mas. "And we will always remember our enemies." Opponents of Mas's projects know they will pay come election time. Miami City Commissioner Joseph Corollo was literally challenged to a gun duel by the CANF leader after he vetoed one of Mas's real estate deals, a $130 million development in which he was partnered with then-U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. Corollo lost his seat when Mas backed his opponent in the following election. Democratic Representative David Skaggs of Colorado found out just how rough Miami hardball gets when he vetoed Radio Martí financing last year. CANF retaliated by targeting Skaggs and his hometown pet projects. "One of our great successes," CANF spokesman José Cardenas says, "was getting rid of [Connecticut Senator] Lowell Weicker and getting Joe Lieberman instead. Joe's been great for us."

Mas and CANF also control access. The White House gathering included only exiles who endorse the CANF party line, despite the fact that a poll conducted by *The Economist* in July found that four out of five Cuban-Americans in Dade County favor "negotiations with the Cuban government to facilitate peaceful change." The guest list for a second meeting of administration officials in Miami, overseen by Nuccio, who now serves as the Miami liaison, included seventy Cuban-Americans—again, only CANF-approved ideologues. Excluded were some of the most prominent names in the exile community, such as Alfredo Durán of the Cuban Committee for Democracy; Lisandro Pérez of the Cuban Research Institute; Eloy Gutiérrez Menoyo, founder of *Cambio Cubano* (Cuban Change), a group dedicated to finding "peaceful solutions" through dialogue to end the Cuban crisis; longtime activist Maria Christina Herrera; Francisco Aruca of Radio Progreso; and Ramón Cernuda, who represents Cuba's most famous and popular dissident Elizardo Sánchez. Mas scoffs at the criticism, dismissing those excluded as "an insignificant minority who reflect the opinion of the Cuban government." Mas also boasted to a visiting Cuban dissident that he frequently rewrites White House briefings on Cuba. "We got a call today to look over another one of their speeches," he bragged in late August. "We made some changes and sent it back to them."

While CANF hammers away for free speech, dissent, freedom of the press and open elections in Cuba, its critics, including the human rights group Americas Watch, charge that it has done a good job of ensuring that such rights never come to pass in Miami. The three major Spanish-language radio stations—WQBA-La Cubanísima, WAQI-Radio Mambí and WCMQ-Cadena-Azul—are dominated by CANF associates and their politics, and function collectively as Miami's Big Brother. "Denunciation over the airwaves as a 'traitor,' a 'Communist' or 'a Castro agent,' " according to Americas Watch's report on human rights violations in Miami, "is often followed by a telephone threat, an act of vandalism or a physical assault." CANF spokesman Cardenas says he prefers to think of Miami radio more as "sort of a catharsis for Cubans."

In 1990 Francisco Aruca, who runs Marazul Charters, which has been flying exiles back and forth to Cuba since 1979, started Radio Progreso as an alternative to South Florida's extremist radio. "We are the only station in Miami that reads the news as it comes over the teletype without any spin or editorializing," says Aruca. For such treason, Aruca has been blasted on the big three stations as "a spy of Castro's" and as a "Communist." Soon after he started broadcasting three Cubans broke into the station, vandalized it and beat up an employee. Twice Aruca's Marazul offices were bombed. "Initially we had many companies that signed up as sponsors for our station," says Aruca, "but within three or four days they would call us and say they had received bomb threats, death threats against employees and threatened product boycotts.... The Batistiano element here is very small," he explains, "but it controls the media and the political machinery and now just about all business contracts handed out in Dade County."

Although *The Miami Herald* claims it calls its own shots, it has been through too many bruisers with Mas Canosa ever to be fully independent. In 1992 the *Herald* had the temerity to run an editorial opposing the Torricelli bill. Although virtually every newspaper in the country had run a similar editorial, its airing in Mas's backyard was patently unacceptable. Very quickly, the *Herald* experienced payback. Mas took to the airwaves, blasting the paper and its Spanish-language edition, *El Nuevo Herald*, as "tools of the Fidel Castro regime" guilty of "conducting a continuous and systematic campaign against Cuban-Americans." He urged the paper's leadership to resign. David Lawrence, the *Herald*'s publisher, ran a column defending the paper's line under the imploring headline, "PLEASE MR. MAS, BE FAIR." But to a gutter fighter like Mas, civility is the equivalent of weakness. CANF blasted the *Herald*'s advertisers with a letter-writing campaign apprising them of the newspaper's "bias and half-truths." Bomb and death threats poured in while *Herald* vending machines were smeared with excrement. In Little Havana, buses carried large display ads proclaiming, "*Yo no creo el* Herald"; along English-speaking routes, the buses bore the equivalent, "I don't believe the *Herald*." At one point, according to the *Herald*, Mas told the paper's top brass that "he had hired private detectives to investigate them and their children." Mas's behavior so violated accepted norms that the Inter-American Press Association sent a delegation to investigate the harassment; even CANF stalwarts such as Elliott Abrams publicly chastised him. Mas cynically attributed the more vile responses to "Castro agents" seeking to discredit the exiles. The campaign raged on for months until a truce

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was finally called at a Miami luncheon in which Mas humiliated Lawrence one last time—mocking the publisher's fluent but strained Spanish.

Last month, the *Herald* had another brush with Mas when it reprinted an interview with him from Spain's *El País*. Asked whether he thought Americans would take over Cuba after Castro's departure, Mas responded contemptuously. "That's bullshit! They haven't even been able to take over Miami. If we have kicked them out of here, how could they possibly take over our own country?" When the predictable outcry blew through Florida, Mas denied making the comments, despite the fact that both *El País* and the *Herald* had sent copies to him prior to publication to which he offered no changes. No matter. Mas stayed on the offensive, taking out a full-page ad in the *Herald* headlined, "WHY SO MUCH HATE, MR. LAWRENCE?" He went on to accuse the paper of "racism and bigotry," "McCarthyism" and conducting "a witch-hunt."

"I am Captain Dreyfus," Bernardo Benes is fond of telling people. "I was *the* No. 1 activist of this community before it happened. I was the *good* Jorge Mas Canosa," the hyperactive Benes informs me over lunch at La Malaga on Calle Ocho. "It" refers to Benes's near fatal brush with his fellow exiles. Benes, who fled Cuba in 1960, was once the most prominent Cuban banker in Miami. But in 1975, during a vacation in Panama, Benes was approached by two high-ranking Cuban officials. The idea was to start a "*diálogo*" to discuss the release of Cuban political prisoners and visitation rights for relatives. In late 1978 seventy-five exiles traveled to Havana for two conferences. In the end, 3,600 political prisoners were released from Cuban jails, and to date South Florida exiles have made 600,000 visits to their relatives.

But Benes paid a price. Miami's three radio stations trashed him around the clock, denouncing him as a "traitor" and a "Communist." His bank was bombed, then picketed for three weeks. For a year he wore a bullet-proof vest. Friends and even relatives were frightened of being seen with him, and his children were ostracized for fear of reprisals. Within the year two conference participants were murdered—one in Puerto Rico, another in New Jersey. The New York offices of *El Diario-La Prensa* were bombed after the paper ran an editorial endorsing exile visits. I asked Benes if Jorge Mas Canosa had been involved. Benes doesn't know. "I ran into him once and he growled at me," says Benes, "but all his friends were involved. That's for sure. You see, no one is interested in free speech in Dade County—only in Havana."

In his desperate lunge for power, Mas, through the clout of CANF and Miami radio, has marginalized dozens of moderate and centrist exiles. His most insistent attacks have been reserved for Elizardo Sánchez, Cuba's preeminent dissident and president of the Cuban Commission of Human Rights and National Reconciliation. Never mind that Sánchez has spent eight of the past twelve years in Cuban prisons. Sánchez routinely is dismissed as "Castro's puppet," for the simple reason that Mas sees him as his main rival in a post-Castro Cuba. Sánchez is vilified not only on Miami's big three but also on Radio Martí and *La Voz de la Fundación*, CANF's private station into Cuba, which promotes Mas ceaselessly, often as "*el numero uno.*"

Photo of Mas Canosa by Bill Gentile/Sipa

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM PRESTON FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Ramón Cernuda, who represents Sánchez's group in Miami, also has been harassed. In 1989 Cernuda, a publisher and art dealer, saw his home invaded by armed customs agents who seized his collection of Cuban art. Unable to restrain himself, Mas boasted on Miami radio that he had urged his friend U.S. Attorney Dexter Lehtinen (husband of Ileana Ros-Lehtinen, who was then being backed by Mas in her run for Congress) to make the bust. He subsequently denied it. The case was tossed out of court by a judge who chastised the prosecution as "arbitrary and capricious." Cernuda also was targeted for investigation by the INS, the Florida Labor Department and the IRS—none of which resulted in any charges. Likewise the Cuban Museum of Arts and

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Culture, of which Cernuda was vice president, was threatened with eviction by the Miami City Commission because it showed the work of artists who had not denounced Castro sufficiently. Although the commission was criticized by a judge who blocked the eviction, the museum lost $150,000 of state financing and was bombed and picketed.

Most ominously, a police officer investigating one of the museum bombings told Cernuda he wanted to speak with Lino Sánchez, Elizardo's brother. When Lino arrived to meet with the officer, he was seized by DEA agents and arrested on drug and murder charges. The bust was instantly relayed to the media, which ran it blitz-style. Considerably less hyped was Sánchez's release—when police admitted that it was a case of mistaken identity.

Cernuda is hardly the only rival dissident to incur Mas's vengeance. Menoyo spent twenty-two years in prison after leading an insurrection against Castro. In response to international pressure, he was released in 1986. Soon after his arrival in Miami, however, Menoyo renounced the covert operations of his brainchild, the anti-Castro terrorist group Alpha 66, and founded *Cambio Cubano.*

"If it were up to Mas Canosa, I would still be in jail," the 59-year-old Menoyo tells me in the living room of his modest Miami home. Unlike most Cubans of his generation, Mas never supported the Cuban Revolution. Menoyo, on the other hand, comes from a family of revolutionaries. One brother was killed by General Francisco Franco's forces in Spain and another was killed while trying to storm Batista's presidential palace in Havana. Menoyo himself played a key role in the military success of the Cuban Revolution as the leader of the 2nd Front in Escambray. For a time, he moved in the heady pantheon of Cuban gods along with Fidel, Che, Camillo. But he was the first to break away, he says, "when Fidel betrayed the revolution." "Menoyo was a war hero," goes the saying among Cuba watchers. Though Mas signed up for the Bay of Pigs invasion, he was on a boat that never came ashore.

The rail-thin, silver-haired Menoyo has yet to learn English and speaks the softest of Spanish with the Madrileno accent of his childhood. He is possibly the only participant in the high-octane *machista* world of exile politics who resists personal attacks, despite what he calls the "radio terrorism" against him and his supporters.

Last week Menoyo, along with Durán and Cernuda, met with Cuban Foreign Minister Roberto Robaina for talks in Madrid, precipitating more death threats from right-wing fanatics. "I guess I've had twenty, maybe thirty, death threats," Menoyo says casually. I ask him if he's afraid. "No," he says between puffs of an ever-present cigarette. "I was afraid when I was a child in Spain—afraid of being hungry. And I was afraid when I was in prison in Cuba—afraid that I would die there. There's nothing more that anyone can do to me."

With the local media under the ever-watchful eye of the fanatics, *Cambio Cubano* and other exile groups only rarely are given access. One talk show host said her interviews with Menoyo and other moderates cost her her job. "I was told that several CANF directors called the station and demanded that I be fired," she says. " If this is the way they act here, can you imagine what they will do if they ever take over Cuba?"

In fact, Mas has been quite clear about his vision for Cuba. In an interview with the *Herald* he speculated "that the most likely post-Castro government [would be] a military junta." Earlier this year, Radio Mambí, the most popular of the Spanish-language stations in Miami, conducted a show on "what to do with the left-over Communists" once the new government is installed in Cuba. "Burn them alive," said one caller, while another suggested that they "open the incinerators and throw them all in—men, women and children." The show's host, Armando Pérez-Roura, thanked the callers for their comments.

Lee Tucker, coordinator of Americas Watch's most recent report on Miami, finds the government's refusal to prosecute alarming. "No one at the local, state or federal level has spoken out against the violence or threats against [the exile community's] moderates," she says. "There is no public defense of the right to free speech or the right to dissent." The costs are more than theoretical. On September 4 the Little Havana office of *Réplica*, a Spanish-language magazine, was bombed. *Réplica*'s editor is Max Lesnick, a well-known Cuban exile who advocates dialogue with Cuba and lifting the embargo.

Nothing irks Mas more than when his critics point to the uncanny similarities between himself and his nemesis Castro: megalomania, ruthlessness, intolerance. Although he scoffs at such comparisons, the archives of the Dade County courthouse prove otherwise. There one finds lawsuits filed against Mas covering virtually every segment of his life. Even his own brother has sued him, *twice.* In 1985 Ricardo Mas, once an employee of his older brother, filed suit against Mas charging that Mas had beaten him and then stolen his 1983 Oldsmobile. The case was resolved when Mas agreed to pay his sibling $245,000 in an out-of-court settlement. In October 1990 Mas was back in court accused of libeling and depriving Ricardo of contracting work with Southern Bell by writing two letters accusing him of extortion and fraud. Ricardo also alleged that Mas had paid bribes in his takeover of Church & Towers, the primary contracting company for Southern Bell in Florida. In fact, Metro Dade has done $100 million of business with Mas's company. (During the trial Ricardo's lawyer charged that rocks had been thrown at his office windows.) Mas was found guilty and ordered to pay his brother $1.2 million.

Mas's political and business dealings have been no less litigious. In order to give Radio Martí the legitimacy he had promised his congressional supporters, Mas recruited a well-respected Cuban named Ernesto Betancourt to supervise the operation. But when it became

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clear that Betancourt was actually serious about presenting objective information to Cubans instead of promoting Mas as the messiah, the CANF leader was outraged. And when Betancourt argued against starting Television Martí, Mas summarily dismissed him. Conservative columnist Georgie Anne Geyer described Betancourt's firing as "a raw battle for power," and accused Mas of using Radio and Television Martí "to advance Mas's ambitions to be president of a post-Castro Cuba."

In 1985 CANF's co-founder, Masvidal, also was tossed overboard by Mas. "When I protested that we were getting involved too much in issues that were not related to Cuba," says Masvidal, "Jorge immediately called me a traitor and every name in the book." Another casualty was Frank Calzón, CANF's first executive director, who was credited for the organization's early successes. Calzón didn't want to be spending his time in White House intelligence briefings on Latin America, which is what Mas wanted him to do. He resigned, and was confronted by a vile innuendo campaign about his private life. José Luis Rodriguez, a former CANF vice president who also resigned in 1987, says he was asked to disseminate rumors about Calzón. "They wanted to spread rumors that the guy was gay, that the guy was no good, and this and that. I wouldn't go for that," Rodriguez said in a deposition filed when he sued the leaders of the foundation, charging that they cheated him out of several business deals in retribution for his resignation. Rodriguez also claimed that Mas used CANF for his personal aggrandizement, linking his contracting business to his lobbying efforts.

In April, Mas re-emerged to excoriate Cuban-American participants in the first exile conference held in Havana since the Benes *diálogo*. More than 150 exiles representing more than one-dozen exile groups showed up for the four-day meeting despite a radio deluge that condemned them as "traitors" and "Communists." Almost as soon as the delegates' plane left Miami, *La Voz de la Fundación*, CANF's radio station, announced unconfirmed reports that Fidel Castro had died. The rumor swept through Miami, brilliantly sideswiping attention from the Havana conference. Just as the rumor peaked, Mas took to the airwaves. In what sounded like a Spanish parody of Alexander Haig, Mas appealed for calm and assured the Cuban people that CANF had everything under control—and that he was in touch with senior leaders in Cuba. The next day Castro let it be known that he was alive.

Although Mas's Teflon-hood rivals that of his idol, Ronald Reagan, he may have sustained permanent damage when word got out that his company, Church & Tower, was about to set up shop in China. According to his 30-year-old son, Jorge Mas Jr., the company had already initialed letters of intent to take control of a major Chinese conglomerate in addition to investing $100 million in another company. After decades of trashing any company that did business with Communist Cuba, Mas saw no apparent contradiction. In fact, Mas Jr. told reporters that the two countries were "totally different," suggesting it is O.K. to be a successful Communist country but treasonous to be an unsuccessful one. As word spread, Mas improvised some damage control. He denied the report, calling it "distorted," insisting that "we do not negotiate with Communists." He had no explanation for the agreements; nor could he explain what his son was doing in Beijing with Chinese businessmen. A third party involved in the negotiations called the *Herald* story "100 percent accurate."

Nevertheless, Mas has found an indulgent patron in Bill Clinton. In May the president singled out Mas for praise, citing his "commitment to the cause of a free and democratic Cuba." The new Cuba policy was Mas's latest coup. "I think it's disastrous," moans Liz Balmaseda, a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer for the *Herald*. "The visits between family members from here to Cuba have been the only successful dialogue we have had. It was crucial and was the only way we had to prepare for a post-Castro Cuba." A poll conducted last week in Miami found that almost 70 percent of Cuban exiles are opposed to the new Clinton policy.

As expected, the three major Spanish-language radio stations fell into line and embraced the Mas-Clinton plan. "These are the same people who have been calling Clinton a 'drug addict,' a 'whoremonger' and a 'draft-dodger Communist,' " says Katie De La Milera, a *Cambio Cubano* supporter. "They even used to say that Hillary had gone to Cuba illegally with one of those Anglo sugarcane-cutting brigades." However, for the firebrands who support the policy, notably the president's sister-in-law, it is merely the first step. Representative Ros-Lehtinen went on T.V. and said it was time to invade Cuba. Diaz-Balart, another Mas-backed member of Congress, whose father had been president of the Cuban Senate under Batista, demanded a naval blockade. Mas assured the faithful that Clinton had promised him that "the naval blockade is still on the table."

What really confuses people in Miami about Clinton's pact with Mas is that the numbers simply don't add up. If every Cuban exile in Florida backs Bill Clinton in 1996, that's still less than 5 percent of the vote. At the same time, Clinton has alienated the mainstays of the Democratic Party in Florida: moderate Cubans, blacks who have denounced his Cuba policy as racist and insulting to Haitians and middle-class Anglos who are livid over what they see as another Cuban immigrant invasion. "I was one of the 18 percent of the Cuban vote that went to Clinton," says Herrera. "It was only moderate Cubans like me who supported him. Now I will never vote for him again. And the militant right will always vote Republican. So who will vote for him?" But it is one thing to flip-flop on China and on Bosnia, and quite another to start backpedaling with the likes of Jorge Mas Canosa. Exile politics aren't called "the third rail" for nothing. "We know that Clinton is a political animal," CANF spokesman Cardenas says, choosing his words carefully. "But we don't see any upside for him if he reverses this course." In other words, Clinton has made his deal and now he—and the country—will have to live with it. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Apocalypse Now

Oliver Stone's **Natural Born Killers** (Warner Bros.) is mainly about itself. It has a narrative, quite commonplace. It has characters, all of them stock. It has dialogue, most of which is either banal or straining not to be. It has themes, with which we are all too familiar. What makes this film an explosive event is the way it is made and why. It's as if Stone deliberately chose material that is run-of-the-mill because he didn't want to be distracted by novelty of plot or character. To do justice to such novelty would have diverted him and us from the central matter, the film's very being as film.

Its texture can be called collage in forward motion. Here Stone brings to full frenzy a stylistic approach that was signaled in *The Doors* and *JFK*. He mixes every kind of technique—color and black-and-white, blunt verism and animation, historical quotation and computer distortion are only some of them—and mixes them continuously, in order to blast us out of our usual film-viewing coziness. The surrealists of the 1920s wanted to shock expectations so sharply that the artist's real purpose could slip past the surprised sentries of convention. Except that the term "surrealism" now has other resonances, *Natural Born Killers* might be called surrealist. If we can imagine surrealism blended with expressionism, as if *Un Chien Andalou* were folded into *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and then boiled, we get near to Stone's intensity.

Even before the full intent of the film becomes clear, we sense tremors. Stone is agonized by the same frustrations that tormented Godard in his early films. When his film leaves his hands, it will be finished, but he wants it to be as wild, as unpredictable, as seemingly spontaneous as anything can be that is put in cans and shipped to thousands of theaters. In very great measure, in what could almost be called appalling measure, he succeeds.

The subject, or at least the foreground subject, is coarse film-world fodder: maniacal violence. (Stone almost chuckles as he puts these clichés before us.) The structure is still another variation on the Bonnie-and-Clyde form. Somewhere in the Southwest, young Mickey and Mallory encounter each other when he comes to her family's home to deliver meat. (Remember Stanley's first entrance in *A Streetcar Named Desire*?) Mallory's home life, with a lascivious father and a non-protective mother, makes her hungry for break-out and adventure. Mickey's home life, as we learn later, has primed him for the same outburst. They begin by drowning her father in a goldfish tank and incinerating her mother in her bed. Then they cut loose in a red roadster, killing blithely in diners and service stations and convenience stores. Fifty-two deaths in three weeks. At last they are captured.

A year later, when they are both lifers, the host of a T.V. program called *American Maniacs* gets the right to interview Mickey in prison. Mickey's behavior on camera ignites his fellow prisoners to riot. Mickey seizes the chance to grab a shotgun, kill guards and escape. He also seizes the chance to break Mallory out of her cell; she grabs guns and joins him. Through the storming riot, accompanied for a time by the T.V. host who is trying to keep the event on the air, they make their way out together and flee.

The screenplay is by David Veloz, Richard Rutowski and Stone, from an original story by the new guru of gore, Quentin Tarantino. But the screenplay cannot possibly have mapped the film in detail: what we see, in all its whirligig horror and humor and fascination, must have been created by Stone as he proceeded.

Which is what makes my synopsis above misleading. The action is not sequential: the film begins well into the three weeks. The telling is not orderly. Almost always the camera is tilted one way or another, a shot is interrupted with the same shot in black-and-white and/or by the addition of backgrounds that amplify—glimpses of jackals and snakes, of great betrayers (Stalin, Hitler, Nixon), of pop and film quotations (a bit of *The Wild Bunch* inevitably). Each figurative note of the film is an implicit chord, just as each moment of our consciousness is more than what we see or say immediately. Each screen moment dramatizes Stone's feverish struggle to mine every possible visual reference and connection before he is forced to move on to the next shot.

This lightning-stroke exploration of the couple's minds discloses more than they knew was in them. One element dominates—the tyranny of television. Not just the usual flashes of T.V. news with the fugitives watching and relishing the reports about them. Stone saturates

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Barcelona. *European views of the United States unsettle post-preppies living in Spain. A bright serious comedy, written and directed by Whit Stillman. (Reviewed 8/15/94)* **Clear and Present Danger.** *A thriller, smooth and fast. America's war on Colombian drug lords is maneuvered to help an American election. (9/19&26/94)* **Eat Drink Man Woman.** *Shorthand for food and sex. An enjoyable Taiwanese film, during which the central character, a great chef, prepares dozens of marvelous-looking dishes. Some stories, not quite as entrancing, encircle them. (9/5/94)* **Spanking the Monkey.** *David O. Russell's debut film begins familiarly—a college student forced to stay at home over the summer—then plunges into disturbing depths. Except for the ending, very well done. (8/1/94)* **—SK**

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his film with our society's media saturation. Mallory's home life at the start is seen as a sitcom, in a phony setting, with exaggerated makeups, with canned studio laughter and with a credit crawl at the end. At one point in the Mickey-Mallory rampage, their adventures are re-enacted by look-alikes on T.V., with the words "A Dramatization" superscribed. Layer after layer of media degradation is piled upon us. If we feel at first that Part Two of the film, in prison a year later, may be overextended, we soon see that it was necessary to show how their lives and T.V. really connect—T.V. causes a riot—and I use "really" here just as porously as possible.

Stone suffers from a sentimentality, one that often plagues the ruthlessly tough—a belief in the grand simple wisdom of nature and of those who live close to it, like American Indians. The opening of his film, like that of *The Doors*, is set in the desert, with animals; the very last image, under the closing credits, is an immense close-up of a rabbit. The only regret for a killing that the killer-pair express is for an Indian seer.

But Mickey and Mallory are not visionary. They are driven by demons—the word is sometimes flashed on their chests—that are specified only by their upbringings. (Mickey's father was an oddball who killed himself.) But no clinical attempt is made to justify their homicides. They live in a time piled higher with temptations to mindlessness than any age in history. These two people are simply unable to bear the beguilings of quick animalistic gratifications that most of us are still able to resist.

Stone's cinematographer was once again the superb Robert Richardson. The editors, sine qua non, were Hank Corwin and Brian Berdan. The music itself is a collage—of many contemporary numbers and cool "references." Examples of the latter: after the opening murder sequence in a diner, the lighting changes (it changes constantly), and in a soft glow, Mickey and Mallory waltz to *La vie en rose*. The prison riot rages over a background of *A Night on Bald Mountain*.

Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis play the leads and supply all that is wanted. It's not acting in any integrated, resourceful sense but the presentation of familiar planes off which the unfamiliar lighting and frenzy can bounce. Robert Downey Jr. plays the T.V. host with his usual painfully revved-up energy. Tommy Lee Jones plays the prison warden with a calculated exaggeration that condemns all previous performances of smilingly brutal wardens.

This brings up the matter of satire. This term has been used by some to describe the film, including Stone himself. Trusting the tale and not the teller (who may just have been supplying a term to mollify critics), I disagree. Jones's performance isn't satirical: it's a cultural comment on that long line of wardens who have helped to make phony artifacts of so many prison films. *Natural Born Killers* is much closer to free-flying fantasy—on grave themes—than to satire. Under the closing credits, for instance, we see a comfily furnished van, with Mickey driving and Mallory pregnant, accompanied by small children. This isn't satire, it's a peripheral lost dream. But the ultimate element that distinguishes the film from satire is the position of Stone himself. He doesn't hold Mickey and Mallory at arm's length, looking down at them. He moves with them, fantasticates with them, rages with them. He himself, we feel, is one of the Dante-Doré creatures.

This is also what distinguishes *Natural Born Killers* from the avant-garde work that has used comparable collage methods. Stone isn't investigating techniques. He's on fire. He *means* it. His film slashes its way back into the dark jungle in our brains from which it sprang. •

Mothers and Moralists

By Colin McGinn

Feminist Morality: Transforming Culture, Society and Politics by Virginia Held

(University of Chicago Press, 298 pp., $42, $17.95 paper)

Moral Prejudices: Essays on Ethics by Annette C. Baier

(Harvard University Press, 368 pp., $42.50)

G. E. Moore wrote, in *Principia Ethica*, the classic work of analytic moral philosophy: "By far the most valuable things, which we know or can imagine, are certain states of consciousness, which may be roughly described as the pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful objects.... [P]ersonal affections and aesthetic enjoyments include *all* the greatest, and *by far* the greatest goods we can imagine...." This celebration of human intimacy, in all its forms, was the element in Moore's book that most ignited the members of the Bloomsbury Group, male and female, heterosexual and homosexual. (Beauty was already on the list.) It is nothing other than the firm suggestion that love—personal love of particular others, not an abstract love of humanity— is the central moral value. This emphasis on love was not, by itself, a particularly novel suggestion (there was that other male moral theorist, Jesus). But adjoining it in secular form to a pure and rigorous system of analytic thought was felt to mark a major moral advance. And it reflected Moore's personality: searchingly critical, relentlessly clear, yet famously kind, simple and pure. To many, that seemed like a good way to be; and nobody at the time was surprised or troubled by the fact that Moore was a man.

David Hume, two hundred years earlier, had proclaimed that the foundation of morality is not reason, but emotion. Reason may direct the "passions" in moral contexts, but it is fundamentally their slave. Moral altruism toward others originates in a "natural sympathy" with which we are endowed, and it spreads outward from the family to more impersonal kinds of human relation. Our moral sense, said Hume, is governed by innate fellow feeling, not by the affectless cognition of abstract truths; and despite Kant's opposition to this view of morality, it became the dominant conception. In our century, indeed, "emotivism" came to be the received view. Moral philosophy has thus been awash with emotion for a considerable time, and those dispensing all this affect have been mainly men.

Bernard Williams, among living moral theorists, is noted for his opposition to the impersonal character of certain ethical theories, especially utilitarianism. Such theories invite us to act solely on the principle of maximizing the total of human happiness, without regard to our own personal relation to those being benefited or harmed. As Williams

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observes, this sort of moral reasoning confers no special status upon those with whom we are intimately involved—family, friends, neighbors. But such relations, argues Williams, carry their own moral value, which should not be swallowed up in some global calculation of the likely effects of my actions on people in general. I owe special duties to my intimates; and therefore impersonal moral theories distort the pattern of obligations that defines my moral space. Williams's maleness does not seem to have impeded him from appreciating this point, which seems appreciable by anyone with human intelligence.

I adduce these three moral theorists because they constitute something of an embarrassment for the historical and psychological theory put forward by some feminist moral philosophers, including Virginia Held and Annette C. Baier. That theory is simple: moral philosophy has been produced mainly by men, under conditions of patriarchy, and so it has neglected or rejected the moral insights that are the prerogative of women. Each of the three contributions cited (Moore's, Hume's and Williams's) is routinely arrogated by feminist moral theorists to themselves, as somehow uniquely their province: the value of affection between people, the emphasis on moral emotion as a guide to judgment, the importance of the family and other intimates in shaping one's moral world.

Clearly, then, male moral philosophers have been able to overcome whatever malign intellectual effects stem from maleness and male domination. For it is a raw historical fact that it did not take feminism to make these ideas possible. Moreover, there is nothing distinctively feminist about these ideas, beyond the fact that they appeal to certain feminists. These philosophical notions are gender-neutral, available in principle to any reflective person; they are based on intellectual grounds that in no way owe their origins to anything specific to women. As in other areas of philosophy, you can have worthwhile ideas no matter what sex you are. You need only the brains and the patience.

Perhaps there are other conceptions that might be more plausibly attributed to a distinctively female point of view, conceptions that have been systematically overlooked in male-dominated moral philosophy. The suggestion is not, I think, absurd. After all, moral theory was largely developed in conditions of male dominance, in which women seldom got the chance to work out or to state their philosophical views; and the biological and psychological differences between men and women might make certain moral perspectives come more naturally to one sex than the other. Maybe the moral faculty of women *is* innately better tuned to moral reality than the moral faculty of men. Feminist physics and feminist logic sound instantly silly, but maybe not feminist morality. It is a heady and exciting thought that we might make large moral strides, theoretically and practically, by attending more closely to the moral thinking of women.

One would like to think this might be true, what with the pressing need for such strides. Thus it was with great expectations that I cracked open these two books by professional female moral philosophers. My expectations were swiftly dashed, or slowly eroded. It turns out that patriarchy has not been so bad for moral philosophy, however bad it has been for female moral philosophers. From the reading of these books, I conclude that there is no untapped pool of deep moral reflection that a feminist perspective enables us to recover.

Virginia Held's book has grand aims. It sets out to overturn traditional moral theory in favor of a type of moral thinking uniquely consonant with female experience. Once again, Carol Gilligan's work on moral development in girls and boys is the starting point. Roughly speaking, Gilligan's thesis is that boys are more concerned with abstract principles of justice, while girls tend to dwell on caring and personal concern. Held claims that this alleged difference shows up in the kind of moral philosophy produced by men and women. Men favor the model of impersonal contracts between equals; women take the involuntary trust and dependence of the mother-child relationship as primary. Thus feminist morality is held to fill a gap left by male philosophers, pointing toward a more complete and satisfactory morality that will help solve our many social and individual woes. Instead of viewing obligation as men view it, in terms of voluntary contracts between equal strangers in competition for the goods of the world, we should think of obligation on the model of the preordained emotional relationship that binds mother and child, which is how women view it. Instead of demanding impartial justice between people, we should encourage motherly concern. An "ethic of care" should replace an "ethic of justice."

It is hard to state this position without making it seem foolish; and indeed I think that, upon examination, there is little to be said in its favor. Held's method of persuasion proceeds by sectarian exaggeration, tendentious formulation, political tub-thumping and a resolute unwillingness to consider potential objections to her position. The style is numbingly academic, foggy and hope-for-the-best. One has the constant impression that this book was generated in an isolated world of yea-saying comrades who considered it unsisterly to argue with the speaker. Some of Held's better points are familiar from the male tradition, though she avoids giving credit where credit is due. Thus the Humean emotivist tradition is scarcely alluded to, and Moore's famous emphasis on personal affection is not mentioned. Held contrives to give the impression that everything in moral philosophy that opposes Kantian rationalism is of recent, and feminist, origin.

Her main critical thesis is that the "male" theory of morality as a social contract runs into trouble when extended to family relations. At the level of actual moral psychology, as opposed to idealized theoretical modeling, this certainly seems to be correct. But it is a fair criticism only if contractarianism was designed to apply to family relations. Surely, however, the point of contractarian theories is to take up the moral slack left *after* family relations have done their obligation-producing work. We don't need a social contract with members of our family, because of the nature of family bonds; but when it comes to strangers, no such instinctive underpinning sways us. The point of contractual agreements is to ensure that we treat people outside of our circle of intimates in a proper and decent manner. A contract theorist could happily accept that the moral cement of the family does not consist in a voluntary agreement between equals. Held's criticism is beside the point.

Many of Held's moral and philosophical recommendations are not distinctively feminist in any clear sense, but there is one argument that does appear to qualify as feminist in content. This is Held's suggestion that all moral relations between people should be considered according to the paradigm of mothering:

> The relation between mothering person and child, hardly understandable in contractual terms, is a more fundamental relation and may be a more promising one on which to build our recommendations for the future than is any relation between rational contractors. We should look to the relation between mothering person and

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child for suggestions of how better to describe such society as we now have. And we should look to it especially for a view of a future more fit for our children than a global battleground for rational, egoistic entities trying, somehow, to restrain their antagonisms by fragile contracts.

There are a number of severe objections to such a view. For a start, it ignores fathering, which is equally beyond the reach of contract theory. Surely it is the parental relation that should be invoked, not just the mothering relation. Held wavers and hedges on this point, sometimes conceding that fathers can be "mothering persons," which is all well and good, morally and theoretically; but then we have lost any distinctively feminine contribution to ethical understanding. All that is being said is that the care of children—by a mother or a father—is something that needs to inform our wider ethical outlook, that the experience of parenting can be a source of moral insight. This is true, but trivial. And the fact is that fathers are virtually absent from Held's depiction of family life; they are mentioned only to be rebuked for not doing their bit in child care.

But is the relation of mothering (or fathering) really a helpful paradigm for social relations in general? How exactly is it supposed to apply to one's relations with friends, colleagues, strangers on the train? On this crucial question Held is reticent, though she writes rather revealingly that

> on the first occasion when I spoke about considering the relation between mothering person and child as the primary social relation, a young man in the audience asked who the mothers are and who the children are in society, by which he meant society outside the family. It was meant as a hostile question, but is actually a very good one. The difficulty so many persons have in imagining an answer may indicate how distorted are the traditional contractual conceptions.

Note the strange antithesis between a "hostile" question and a "good" one. Plainly the young man in question was offering a straightforward criticism of Held, rather than engaging in sycophancy and ego-stroking.

In fact, of course, the questioner hit the nail on the head. In relations with that vast majority of people who are neither one's mother nor one's child, who is to be the mother and who the child? Held vaguely suggests that we might shuttle from one role to the other as we deal with people at large. This is absurd: *people do not want to be the child to my* mother, whatever that would mean, and have no desire to be the child of every mother-surrogate (that is, person) who comes my way. The mothering relation is a highly specific relation, with a particular psychology and a particular set of obligations. It is ludicrous to suggest that we should go around duplicating this relation in every social encounter of our lives. It would be condescending, fake and comical.

Should I be able to discipline people who don't do as I tell them? Am I expected to buy everybody Christmas presents? Presumably Held's suggestion is not supposed to be taken so literally. But if it is not, then it quickly collapses into the bland (but worthy) injunction to treat everybody with kindness and concern. Held seems to be committing the following fallacious inference: mothers (ideally!) treat their children with kindness and consideration; it is good to treat people with kindness and consideration; therefore we should treat everybody as if we were their mothers. The problem, obviously, is that kindness and consideration are not the exclusive property of mothers, though it sometimes sounds as if Held thinks that they are. Once her argument is detached from motherhood specifically, it becomes indistinguishable from the entirely nonfeminist injunction to care about one's fellows and treat them well. I could not subscribe more wholeheartedly to that injunction, but in so doing I am clearly not proposing to recast traditional moral theory along feminist lines.

Actually, it strikes me as somewhat reactionary, from a feminist point of view, to give mothering the central role. If mothering is where real goodness lies, then we are all under an obligation to be mothers, since we should strive to be as good as possible; but since "ought" implies "can," only women fall under this edict, and so all—and only—women are obliged to be mothers, assuming that they are biologically capable. But this assigns to women the patriarchal obligation of having children and bringing them up, with this obligation morally trumping any other projects that they might entertain. I doubt that Held would welcome this result of her position, but it follows logically from what she is saying. Held's view is also reactionary, at least by implication, in a more general way. Insofar as it selects the family as the focus of our moral concern, it is only too likely to lead to indifference and worse when it comes to those not related to us by blood ties, since family feeling cannot be simply willed into existence. In order to extend our moral concern beyond the field of our intimates, we need impersonal prin-

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ciples of justice and consideration, or the despised apparatus of "male" moral thinking.

Held has some subsidiary concerns to which she thinks a feminist perspective will contribute. She has a chapter deploring the commercialization of culture in capitalist countries such as the United States, and she suggests that feminists will share her condemnation. Maybe, but again there is nothing distinctively feminist about the complaint, right or wrong, that contemporary culture has been debased by the power of big economic interests. There is also a rather tired and unconvincing chapter about violence and gender, in which it is predictably maintained that men are responsible for violence and war, while women are pacific and nurturing. The empirical grounds for this, as always, are inconclusive, and Held certainly oversimplifies the attitudes of men and women toward violence and its prevention. It is odd, too, to suggest that the family is the place to look for a nonviolent culture when, as we know, there is so much violence within families, and not all of it committed by men. Families are as much a part of the problem as a part of the solution. But the wickedness of women seems not to appear in her worldview, except, I suppose, as the result of male domination.

Held's ideal society would be dedicated, she says, to the "flourishing of children," with that aim being accorded a higher priority than it is now. It is hard to disagree with the sentiment behind this, but it should not be forgotten that the well-being of adults is also of importance. Children become adults, after all, and their problems don't stop when they do. It is idiotic to suppose that if children were given more attention, the ills of the world would disappear. Indeed, from Held's point of view, it is not easy to see how more mothering could be the solution to our problems, since she believes that it is women, not men, who now shape the moral outlook of young during their development (the men being off at work and war). One can readily imagine a dystopian future in which the young are catered to lavishly while the old are left to rack and ruin.

And then there is a more strictly philosophical matter, which is Held's persistent denigration of the use of abstract rules in morality, viewing them as somehow cut off from context and feeling. This is a tendentious caricature. Abstract rules can be rules about feeling and action, and they can always be qualified to allow for variations of context. The rule that one should treat others as one would wish to be treated oneself is by no means an abstraction removed from concrete reality. Such rules play an indispensable moral role. A morality without them would be vulnerable to caprice, special pleading and sheer chaos. If general rules are somehow characteristic of male moral thinking (which I doubt), then men have made a contribution to morality of great moment, which it would be folly to repudiate on grounds of feminist ideology.

Annette C. Baier's book is more successful than Held's. She, too, writes from a feminist standpoint, but she is much less anxious to convert every insight into a victory for feminism. It must also be said that her book is clearly superior to Held's for intellectual substance and literary style. This is not because she is any less of a feminist than Held; she is just a more circumspect and wary philosopher. She knows what it takes to establish a philosophical position. Her discussions of trust, in particular, constitute a serious effort at understanding; and her treatment of Hume and Kant on the role of emotion and reason in ethics shows real scholarly aptitude.

But she, too, occasionally lapses into ideological bias and dubious rhetoric. Take her discussion of Hume. Unlike Held, Baier has the grace to acknowledge that many of Hume's central doctrines prefigure themes that are dear to contemporary feminist philosophers, and she discusses Hume with sensitivity and resourcefulness. There is no tendency here to disagree with Hume because he was a man. In a pair of essays called "Hume, the Women's Moral Theorist?" and "Hume, the Reflective Women's Epistemologist?" Baier contends that Hume's philosophy fits the kind of moral outlook that Gilligan claimed to find exemplified by females, suggesting that Hume is "an unwitting virtual woman." But surely it is a contortion to infer from Hume's moral theory that he has a female moral faculty, rather than inferring that his (and her) kind of position is intrinsically gender-neutral. By Baier's method, *any* good idea could be put down to femaleness. The attractions of Hume's thought are purely intellectual; they are not the consequences of some female essence that occasionally takes up residence in men's bodies. Hume's position avoids the nonnaturalism of more "cognitivist" positions, and it carries all the appeal of empiricist theories in general. That is why it was so strongly favored by logical positivism, a male bastion if ever there was one.

Baier's main theme is trust. Her plaint is that trust has not been accorded the place in moral theory that its importance warrants. Trust, she thinks, should be the central concept of ethics. She sees it as woven into virtually all human encounters, from the most warmly personal to the most austerely economic. She also appreciates its intense psychological significance for us, both as a source of well-being and as a possible source of emotional distress. We can't do without trust, but its abuse can be devastating. Trust is not the same as merely believing that someone will behave reliably, since that might depend upon a mutually known power to take revenge on violations of contract. Trust is faith in the good will and the good sense of others, a sort of leap in the dark. One of the things it seems to take at least a lifetime to learn is whom to trust, and when. Mistakes as to who is trustworthy are among the most emotionally costly that human beings can make.

The importance of trust is surely one of the few areas of moral agreement that we have. For this reason any philosophical attempt to clarify the concept, and to enable us to do better at trusting and being trusted, can only be to the good. After reading Baier's hundred or so pages on the subject, however, I did not feel particularly enlightened. The problem is that it is very hard to say anything philosophically interesting about trust, despite its human significance. We are better educated in the ways of trust by works of literature and by experience than by quasi-conceptual investigations of its necessary and sufficient conditions. I suspect that this is the real reason behind the relative neglect of the topic in moral philosophy. It is not that trust is a concept of more interest to women than men, nor that it somehow conflicts with other moral ideas favored by men; it is simply difficult to do any good philosophy on the concept. Once trust has been freed from the narrow domain of contractual obligation, as Baier rightly says it should be, it is hard to come up with anything general and illuminating to say about it.

The most political chapter of Baier's book, called "Ethics in Many Different Voices," has some curious and disturbing moments. Here she is at her most self-consciously feminist. Speaking of the presence of women philosophers in academic institutions, she writes:

> We have shown ourselves capable of pandering to male fantasies as well as having our own alternative fantasies. In philosophy seminars, as in the boudoir, some will prove protective of fragile male egos, others will fulfill the worst nightmares of the

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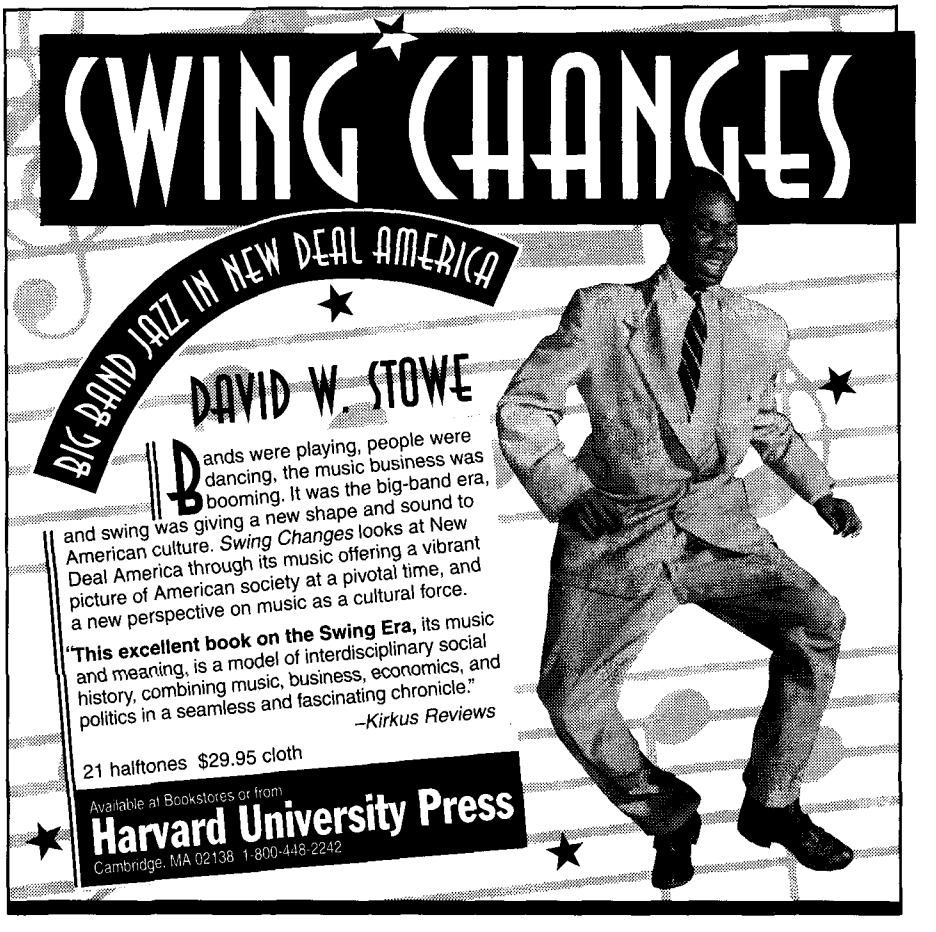
castrating woman by putting some teeth into their philosophical grip on male moral theories ... others alternate their styles in disconcerting ways, or simply display that postmenopausal rise in assertiveness which should be no surprise, but often does disconcert those who suffer assaults from feisty old women who had been meeker and more diplomatic when younger.

Wow. I don't know what kind of seminars Baier has been attending, but my own female colleagues simply proceed by making their points as incisively and civilly as is appropriate. I have never felt that my ego was being protected by women, beyond what any tactful person would do, nor have I felt imperiled, in the seminar room or in the boudoir, by castrating teeth or postmenopausal predators. Is it really necessary to say that in philosophy we try to seek the truth, and that honest criticism, constructive and destructive, is part of that enterprise? Serious philosophers of either sex remember only that simple rule when wondering how to comport themselves in the seminar room.

Later in the same essay Baier raises the question of tenure for women. She tells us that women "tend to get nto their writing stride as men of the same age are losing steam," so that we would do well not to insist on the same quantity of published work for young women as for young men. "Will enough women professionally survive their high estrogen years, will they be able to squeeze out enough articles while they are menstruating, gestating, and lactating?" Now *there* is a problem. Baier suggests, as a solution, that women might be allowed to delay their own tenure decisions until they are 50. Apart from the obvious point that such a delay would remove most of the rationale for the tenure hurdle, this whole line of thought is dangerously close to the kind of reactionary stuff sometimes peddled by preeminist men who want to keep the academy exclusively male. What Baier is saying, when you get right down to it, is that women are biologically incapable of performing as well as men during the first several decades of their academic life. This strikes me as false, and as an insult to women. But then I am a feminist who believes in the equal treatment of women and men, and also that feminist philosophy is not much better than feminist physics or feminist logic. Philosophically, it turns out to be a dead end.

COLIN MCGINN, professor of philosophy at Rutgers University, *is the author most recently of* *Problems in Philosophy: The Limits of Inquiry* (Blackwell).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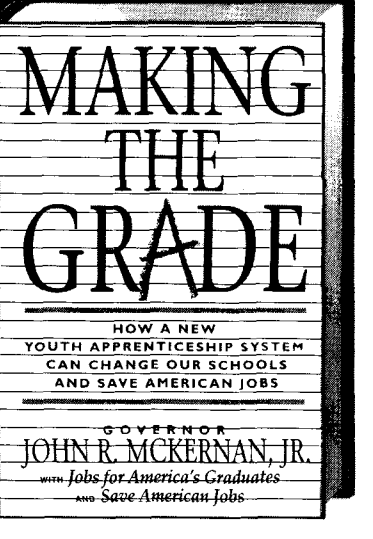
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The Hidden Persuader

By Jackson Lears

Vance Packard and American Social Criticism by Daniel Horowitz

(University of North Carolina Press, 396 pp., $34.95)

The history of American thought during the mid-twentieth century is an epic of sectarian strife, at least according to the standard accounts. In the center of this story is the fractious group clustered around the magazine *Partisan Review.* Their tale has been told so often, especially by the participants themselves, that it is easy to forget other important social critics who did not live in New York City, knew next to nothing about the nuances of Marxist doctrine, did not worship Henry James and probably had more impact on public debate than the whole *PR* crew put together.

One such writer was Vance Packard, whose books constituted an enormously influential criticism of American culture after the Second World War. *The Hidden Persuaders* (1957) exposed the manipulative strategies of advertising executives, who exploited consumers' anxieties in the service of Bristol-Myers and General Motors. *The Status Seekers* (1959) sorted through the significance of Harris tweeds and Groton diplomas, lamenting Americans' preoccupation with superficial markers of prestige. *The Waste Makers* (1960) excoriated corporate policies of planned obsolescence and urged Americans to resist the pursuit of disposable commodities by retreating to simpler, quieter pleasures.

Packard lacked the scholarly range of Edmund Wilson and the literary grace of Lionel Trilling; he wrote too much too fast. His books, stylelessly earnest and frequently superficial, embodied what Dwight Macdonald anathematized as "middlebrow culture." Yet Packard deserves a place alongside more formidably intellectual figures in any history of twentieth-century American social thought. He articulated widespread popular anxieties amid the alleged complacency of the 1950s. By promoting more skeptical attitudes toward business practices, Packard's work helped foster more stringent regulatory policies, especially in the area of environmental protection. Packard actually reached the middlebrow audience that Macdonald & Co. disdained.

One strength of Daniel Horowitz's informative biography is that he puts his finger on the source of Packard's broad appeal. As he makes clear, Packard's assault on extravagance resonated with attitudes embedded in American Protestant tradition—a horror of waste, a distrust of surface display, a tense ambivalence toward material wealth and social striving, a preference for production over consumption. Horowitz and other historians have called this cluster of values the "producerist" outlook; and in Packard's case the producerist outlook stemmed from his personal roots. His father was a dairy farmer near Granville Summit, in north central Pennsylvania; his mother was a former teacher who dreamed of a life more cultivated than that of a farmer's wife. Both were Methodists who believed in temperance, frugality and family solidarity.

In 1924, when Packard was 10, his father sold the failing farm and took a job with the Agriculture School at Penn State. College town life fulfilled his mother's dream of cultivation, though the students were more engaged with postadolescent pranks than with philosophical musings or political commitments. Penn State was not City College: its students were insulated from the worst ravages of the Depression as well as from the main currents of Marxism. Cafeteria conversations rarely if ever featured table-pounding arguments between Stalinists and Trotskyists; one can only imagine the blank stares from the fraternity boys if the talk had taken such a turn.

Still, Packard managed to learn something at Penn State, and to stage his own form of rebellion there. Sliding from Methodist and Republican probity, he took to drinking beer, sleeping late on Sunday morning and voting for FDR. While he remained isolated from intramural Marxist debate, he joined legions of other college students in the 1930s in nurturing a vague admiration for the Soviet Union as a bulwark of anti-fascism and economic democracy. Yet he never embraced leftist politics with the kind of lover's devotion that would later leave so many of his contemporaries vulnerable to bitter disillusionment and ready for uncritical affirmation of the cold war.

Even at Penn State, glib Popular Frontism dominated student intellectual life, but Packard gradually separated himself from the prevailing fashion. A "town boy" and self-conscious outsider, rejected in his bid for the editorship of the *Penn State Collegian,* he began to dissect the pressures for conformity at work in college culture. His mentor in this project was the maverick sociologist Willard Waller, whose most famous article analyzed "the rating and dating complex" that governed campus social life. Waller was a product of the Chicago School of Sociology, with roots in muckraking urban journalism and Progressive reform—closer to Lincoln Steffens than to Talcott Parsons. "Get the facts," he told his students, "know what is going on behind the scenes." Waller's ironic, demystifying blend of sociology and journalism proved a potent brew for Packard: it checked his impulse toward overt moralism, while nourishing his ingrained Protestant suspicion that truth lay behind layers of misleading appearances. The longing to strip away surface illusions and expose an authentic reality was consistent with the secularized Methodism of his maturing world view. Like Waller, Packard would deliberately cultivate the perspective of outsider-as-insider, penetrating elite marketing strategies and social conventions to expose the manipulative power they conceal, masking his moral outrage with a flurry of facts and statistics.

A Protestant ethic of authenticity linked Packard's personal and intellectual life. It even informed his relationship with Virginia Mathews, the art student he met at Penn State who eventually became his wife. After his college graduation, during stints at Columbia Journalism School and the *Boston Daily Record,* Packard continued to court Mathews. But she was 300 miles away, supervising art education in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, while he was struggling to maintain his dignity in Boston—where he wrote a column called "Success Struggles" and tried to keep his distance from the "broken down drunkards" in the *Record* city room. When Virginia started dating a "successful dentist," Horowitz reports, Packard panicked. Fretting about the dentist's "large spending power for amusing, entertaining, diverting" he "in extravagant fashion," he drafted a letter to Virginia that warned her to "look carefully at the dentist," the "strip him of his spending power (ca

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and dough) and look again." Naked truth stood opposed to the masquerade of commodities.

That opposition lay at the heart of the producerist criticism of consumer culture. Packard began to formulate his version in earnest during the later 1950s, after he set up shop as a freelance writer in New Canaan, Connecticut. Producerist critics, from Thorstein Veblen to John Kenneth Galbraith and Packard himself, recalled republican moralists by connecting plain speech and plain living, and by equating extravagant consumption with deception as well as waste. Packard popularized and updated this tradition, refashioning it to fit an era in which conspicuous consumption had been transformed from an elite pastime to a pervasive cultural style, reaching regions undreamt of by Veblen. Packard's research methods were journalistic rather than academic: he conducted interviews, read widely in the relevant periodical literature, in general kept his eyes and ears open, then wrote up his findings—often within little more than a year. He had mortgage payments to make and children to send to college.

Despite his haste, he provided a wealth of anecdotal detail not often available in more abstract analyses (including Veblen's), and he raised fundamental questions about the role of mass persuasion in a mass democracy. In *The Hidden Persuaders* Packard focused most of his ire on marketers' use of motivation research—the practice of probing "our secret distress feelings" (as he wrote) and "learning to invite us to channel these feelings through their products." Motivation research, in various forms, had been floating around the advertising business since the early twentieth century. Unaware of this history, Packard focused on the most recent formulations of the strategy in the work of Ernest Dichter and other psychoanalytic consultants. What disturbed Packard about this approach was that it made the image of the product more important than the product itself, and assumed that consumers acted from irrational need rather than rational choice.

Motivation research (in Packard's account) allowed Dichter to conduct

> a top-to-bottom surgery job on the public's image of the prune so that the public would "rediscover" it as a brand-new fruit. The whole concept of the prune as a dried-out fruit for people in need of a laxative was recast into a more "dynamic" image under his guidance by the California prune people.

This sort of silliness was hardly cause for outrage. Packard's tendency to focus on menaces like the revamped prune allowed later critics to dismiss his work as trivial.

But *The Hidden Persuaders* contained more serious arguments as well. Packard warned against the "psycho-seduction of children" by advertisers such as Dr. Francis Horwich, the "principal" of T.V.'s *Ding-Dong School* who advised kids to pop a pretty red vitamin pill "every morning 'like I do,' and urged them to make sure the next time they visited a drugstore that their mother picked out the right bottle." More disturbing, to Packard, was the overall significance of strategies that reduced the adult audience to pathetic, emotionally needy children. "All this probing and manipulation," Packard wrote, "has seriously anti-humanistic implications. Much of it seems to represent regress rather than progress for man in his long struggle to become a rational and self-guiding being." The selling of over-sized cars to satisfy men's aggressive fantasies, or of political candidates (like Ike) to satisfy an electorate's need for fatherly reassurance, seemed to Packard to embody a fundamental "disrespect for the human personality." In the end it is difficult to argue with his advice that "we can choose not to be persuaded."

In recent years Packard's producerist tradition has come under fire for contradictory reasons: its tendency to view consumers as a manipulable mass of putty, and its attachment to the ideal of a rational, productive—and implicitly male—citizen. In part these criticisms reflect the shifting intellectual landscape of the 1980s, when academic postmodernists developed their own odd mirror image of Reaganism by celebrating the creative freedom of consumers, especially women and ethnic minorities, to construct their own "subversive" cultural identities through the assemblage and reassemblage of commodities. From this view, besides, consumption is fun.

Yet there is more than postmodern fashion in the recent attack on the producerist tradition. There is also the recognition that major critics of consumption failed to see how consumption and display can play crucial roles in any society's development of art, ritual and shared social meaning. As Adorno wrote more than fifty years ago, Veblen's assault on "conspicuous consumption" was really little more than an "attack on culture." As Adorno understood, culture was composed of gestures, artifacts and observances that were "wasteful" only from a strictly utilitarian point of view. Small wonder that the consumer movement, despite its evident seriousness and worth, has been such a colorless affair. Preoccupied with

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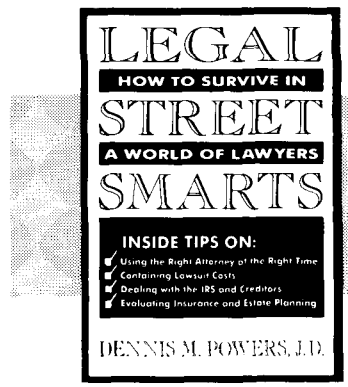

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clarity and rationality, immune to the allure of the aesthetic or the play of fantasy, the *Consumer Reports* notion of the "intelligent consumer" often epitomizes the utilitarian grayness of the producerist tradition.

But Packard's best work led him, however fitfully, beyond that tradition. To be sure, he drank deeply at the springs of producerist moralism; when a Pittsburgh minister hailed the author as a "modern Isaiah crying out in the wilderness of tail fins," he caught Packard's prophetic stance, his sense of loss, his feeling that Americans had wandered from the agrarian gridirons of virtue into the suburban cul-de-sac of corruption. In *The Waste Makers*, Packard concluded that Americans' "ardent materialism" had created only an "all-pervading smog of commercialism," which was making it harder than ever to cultivate "self-respect, serenity, and individual fulfillment."

Still, by 1960 he saw signs that the smog might be lifting. He believed that there was a "cultural renaissance" underway, and it was to be observed in "the construction of urban cultural centers and especially in the grass-roots revival of music, art, and reading," as Horowitz observes. These "reflective, private pursuits," as Packard said, "may help Americans gain a new perspective on their possessions in relation to other life satisfactions," may even help them "see that cherished values and integrity of the soul have more to do with a well-spent life than self-indulgence." A model setting for this renewal could still be located in the New England village, where Packard felt "a freshening of the spirit" whenever he would stroll "about the tree-shaded village green, peer into the lovely old-spired clean-lined churches, visit the still-picturesque stores, chat with the natives, and walk among their two-century-old homes." It was a "spiritual and political environment" that contemporary developers' "dream communities" could parody but not preserve.

Imagine the howls of derision if Packard were to deliver this message to a university audience today. He would be labeled an affluent critic of affluence, ensconced in the suburban comfort of New Canaan while he disdained the humbler consumer pleasures of ordinary folk. His vision of a "well-spent life" would be described as class-bound, ethnocentric, privatist, puritanical and hypocritical. Some of those charges would be accurate, some confused or beside the point, some flatly wrong.

None would be new. When his books were published, apologists for advertising (led by David Ogilvy) predictably raised the cries of "Puritanism!" and "Hypocrisy!" John Chamberlain, an ex-Stalinist turned free-market ideologue concluded his *Wall Street Journal* review of *The Status Seekers* with what became a familiar refrain: "If Mr. Packard really wants to prove his sincerity about his thesis he will have to sell that home in New Canaan and go back to living in a cave." Meanwhile "value-free" academic sociologists, such as Seymour Martin Lipset, and self-consciously cosmopolitan intellectuals, such as Harold Rosenberg, sensed in Packard that most dreaded of rivals, the popularizer. They dismissed his work as a mélange of Protestant moralism, lurid conspiracy theory, political naïveté and suburban nostalgia for a past that never was—an era when people, in Packard's words, "could be judged for their persona worth rather than by the trappings of status they exhibited."

Criticism—though not dismissal—was surely justified. Packard's class blinders remained securely in place most of the time. Like many of his contemporaries

The Dead of Summer

Each day whittled a little smaller,
each night dug a little deeper in the dark,
this is the season Aquinas must have loved—
not the heat so much as the humility.

Would an angel assume a body in this weather?
Why be in more than one place at once,
why not elsewhere altogether?
It's three a.m., still hot, not still—

how like the cicada may we praise
the cicada endlessly?
How may one creature move another?
On the lawn we lie, even the spirit dampened,

leaving the imprints of damp angels.
Does one angel illumine another?
Your parents' large sad house is dark,
a last firefly fitfully praising

the dark trail deeper into the dark.
Down by the boat in the trees
the obstinate ghost of your father wavers,
just a flicker of cigarette.

He doesn't want to come in.
What does an angel want, Thomas wanted to know.
Two fingers on the rocks, a drink to nurse?
Does the local distance slur angelic speech?

Stay where you are, the dead say, *don't get up.*
Does the angel ever forsake a man?
He walks his old unhappiness like the dog it is,
awaiting the ferry that no longer crosses the sound.

Rain on rain has hollowed a fresh mound
until it's a boat of mud
in a flower-choked sea of graves.
How like him you look

where you lie in the little light
half dark, half salt. Under my hand,
under your dim skin, your dear skull.
My lips to your eyebrow kiss the bone below.

DEBORA GREGER

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he managed to ignore the persistence of poverty and the pervasiveness of class inequality. Though he paid some attention to racial issues (it would have been hard not to at the time), questions of economic structure were simply beyond him. As a result his criticism remained personal, anecdotal and subject to caricature as a hypocritical suburban jeremiad.

But it is worth disassembling the components of that caricature, as they are still commonly used in dismissing critics of consumer culture. The class-bound quality of Packard's thought was its most serious limitation, yet he transcended the snobbery of much mass culture criticism. In tracing responsibility for the inanity and wastefulness of consumer culture, he focused primarily on the machinations of marketing elites rather than on the foolishness of their audience—a strategy that set him apart from many wounded aesthetes in the academy.

Accusations of nostalgia and hypocrisy reveal more about the assumptions of Packard's critics than about his own. The assault on nostalgia could come only from an intelligentsia drunk on disowning the past. Where else are visions of the good society to come from, if not from our own memories that once life was different, and maybe better, than it is here and now? From schematic agendas set by managerial visionaries or academic theorists? In imagining more humane ways of life, why are recollections of the past held inferior to fantasies of the future? Perhaps because myths of progress continue to mesmerize intellectuals at all points on the political spectrum, from *The Nation* to the *National Review*. And the attack on hypocrisy is equally problematic. It rests on a bizarre but pervasive assumption, common to intellectuals left and right, that anyone who questions the beneficence of corporate-sponsored affluence must live in abject poverty—preferably "in a cave," as Chamberlain recommended. People with discretionary income, from this view, are disqualified from criticizing consumer culture. This seems a rather arbitrary restriction on public debate.

The charge of puritanism is perhaps the most puzzling—and the most persistent—of all. It requires uncritical acceptance of advertisers' version of recent American cultural history, wherein giant corporations rescue grateful consumers from pinched parochial drudgery and usher in a leisure society. Yet the promised leisure has not materialized, as Juliet B. Schor showed recently in *The Overworked American*; the allegedly gleeful consumer more than ever resembles

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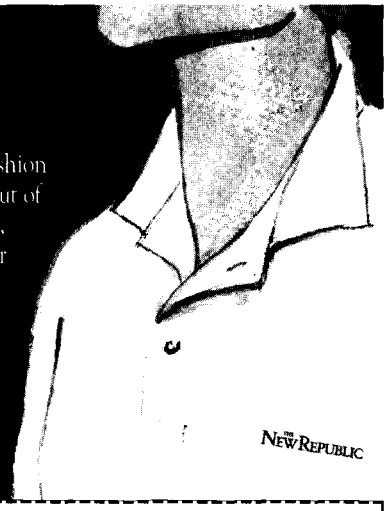

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a squirrel in a cage. Unlike many younger, hipper observers of consumer culture, Packard refused to equate hedonism with the relentless consumption of mass-produced goods. In trying to puzzle out alternatives to a waste-making, status-seeking society, he increasingly sought to imagine a more ecologically responsible social order that fostered a less frantic pace of life and wider opportunities for genuine leisure. If this be puritanism, let us make the most of it.

In his later work, Packard sometimes succumbed to the crankiness common to intellectuals of his generation when they confronted countercultural rebels. Many student radicals were struggling, however lamely, toward a humanist skepticism of consumer capitalism—a skepticism developed by people like Irving Howe, Paul Goodman and Packard himself. The older generation recoiled from the unintended consequences of their labors, sometimes with good reason. Packard the family man was troubled by the sexual mores that spawned "non-binding commitments" in the name of self-fulfillment. He sensed that the Hobbesian individualism of the economic realm was forcing itself more systematically into areas of intimacy. The jury is still out (and will be for a long time) on these matters; many feminists and historians would correctly point out that older ideals of domesticity concealed corrosive conflict and unequal power relations. Still, Packard's *Our Endangered Children* (1983) rightly raised questions about the long-term impact of family disintegration on future generations, and separated him from the Panglossian promoters of "open marriage."

In the end, what can be claimed for Packard is considerable. He represented the most democratic, most tolerant and least puritanical elements in the producerist tradition. From his best-selling books, as Horowitz observes,

> millions of college students and members of the general reading public came to understand the imbalance between public and private needs, the value of self-realization, and the evils of advertising. Packard promoted an animus against experts, attacked unquestioned growth, and emphasized the social and psychological costs of status and class. His writings stressed the quest for meaningful work and for a more democratic workplace, addressed the perils of conformity in corporations and suburbs, questioned discrimination based on ethnicity, advocated consumer rights, and expressed concern for ecological balance and natural resources.

Few social critics of the 1950s, or the 1990s, could claim as much. Packard's career suggests that, in an increasingly suburban society, a clear view from New Canaan may be as valuable as a view from Berkeley or Morningside Heights.

JACKSON LEARS's *Fables of Abundance: A Cultural History of Advertising in America*, will be published by Basic Books this fall.

Slavic Studies

BY STANISLAW BARANCZAK

The Russian Girl by Kingsley Amis

(Viking, 296 pp., $22.95)

There is a good reason why the title of Kingsley Amis's new book sounds like *The Russia House* and *The Little Drummer Girl* welded together. It aims to evoke specific echoes of that fictional sub-genre of yore: British novels about mysterious non-British femmes fatales involved in pro-British or anti-British activities. In his way, Kingsley Amis is picking up, and mocking, what John Le Carré dropped.

The problem is—and this is really what this novel sets out to prove—that today, five years after 1989, there is not very much to pick up. After the collapse of the old world order there are still some odd pieces of generic and thematic rubble lying around, but each of them is like that chip of concrete from the Wall that you bought at a Berlin souvenir stand: it helps you recall how the whole damn thing crumbled, but as time goes by you are less and less sure of why it was so important.

The issue was not so misty in the good old days, when the Iron Curtain divided the world, and also the world represented in the genre of the British Novel About Non-British Femmes Fatales and so on, into a basically good half and a basically evil half. The former, needless to say, was inhabited by the humane and mordant Smileys, the latter by the demonic and mordant Karlas; and the occasional moles and turncoats were needed mostly to bring the existence of the moral division into greater relief. The genre, of course, was not all Le Carré's fault. It is obvious enough that his remarkably subtle novelistic art evolved as a response to the a priori moral codes and the crude Manichaeanism of the typical spy novel of the cold war period. And yet it is undeniable that even the most artistically convincing novels of the genre were not completely free from its flaws.

It is with the unspoken premise of the novel of espionage in general, and with some inconspicuous but clear allusions to Le Carré in particular, that Amis begins. *The Russian Girl* is, if you will forgive the expression, intertextual and its intertextuality lies in Amis's skillful exploitation of the habitual reactions of readers brought up on spy literature—and who among us, the readers of the 1970s and '80s, is not one of them? Amis creates characters and situations that portend spy-thriller intrigue perhaps with a Graham Greene-ish or Le Carré-like psychological twist. But all these signals turn out to be classic red herrings; the reader's expectations are, one after another, methodically thwarted.

The novel's initial hilarious episode which takes place in the meeting room of the London Institute of Slavonic Studies, introduces the protagonist Professor Richard Vaisey, a 46-year-old expert in Russian literature. The very mention of this field of expertise, coupled with the expert's academic tweediness and understated wit, suffices for our genre-detecting antennae to bristle. Only later are we to learn about his highly atypical marital situation. For the past ten years, Vaisey has been ensnared during a ghastly marriage to Cordelia, who is wealthy, egotistic, tasteless, pretentious, manipulative, preposterously scheming, quite stupid, quite vicious and generally impossible to spend five minutes with, though she is physically attractive. Everybody abhors her, and he married her for just two essential things, money and sex. At the novel's outset, however, we can't help but ask: What else can this bookworm Vaisey be but another Smiley, with Russian poetry substituting for German Baroque verse and fluency in Russian providing the rationale for his imminent involvement in the so-called murky world of espionage?

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Yet none of these assumptions turns out to be true. The issue of espionage never really pops up in the plot, even though among the new characters entering our field of vision there is virtually no one who does not seem destined to be ultimately unmasked as an agent of one of the two decomposing empires, or perhaps both. The familiar-looking figure of an elderly Russian émigré makes his entrance and raises our hopes—but no, he is anything but a counterintelligence ace. A Russian official insists on meeting Professor Vaisey, but, to the academician's and our total surprise, he turns out to be, in all probability, what he claims to be, namely, a genuine criminal investigator.

Crispin, Vaisey's best friend in London, is of Czech descent, we are informed in passing; but, again it is a false clue. Crispin is by no means an underground dealer in odorless explosives or Gustav Husak's one-time bosom buddy. In fact, Crispin's Czech origin serves certain purposes, but of a different sort than we expected. It creates a comic contrast between his roots and his ultra-British upper-class manner:

> A tall figure with an almost military bearing and short-cut light brown hair, he recalled at first sight an Englishman of special distinction and long lineage, possibly sprung from one of the old landowning families of Northumberland, past the middle of a good career in the Diplomatic or, perhaps nearer the mark these days, an even better one in the City.

In fact, the actual function of Crispin's ethnic origin within the plot is the first clue to what this novel is all about. It is a novel that, all its hilarity notwithstanding, deals with the quite serious issues of our world's spiritual void, and with the cultural stereotypes that are supposed to fill that void. It shows our confusion when a relatively stable system of stereotypes is invalidated by a sudden turn of history, and we suddenly face unpredictable reality instead. And Amis's novel shows all this not merely by creating characters and plots that lull us with their stereotypicality, only to turn out to be something completely different. It also teaches the lesson by pointing to itself as an example of the phenomenon: look, it is only a couple of years since the collapse of Soviet communism, and all that the British novel about the mysterious Russian femme fatale can now offer you is a comedy of manners, not the old drama of good and evil.

The key piece of evidence to support this argument is, naturally, the Russian Girl. Before the heroine enters the stage, we have already been programmed—by our experience with the genre, as well as by Amis's clever manipulation of that experience—to expect another item from the spy-novel stockpile. Since Anna Danilova is introduced as a young but already internationally recognized Russian poet who comes to London ostensibly in her literary capacity but in fact to organize a petition drive aimed at pressuring the Russian authorities into releasing her falsely accused brother from jail, we are prepared for a number of possibilities.

It all may turn out to be true, making her a heroine pure and simple, a spiritually dazzling, morally dignified individual who happens to be a beautiful woman to boot. Or, if we are more sophisticated, we may expect something more surprising, if no less trashy. Her brother may already be dead—murdered, say, in his prison cell—while she campaigns on his behalf, tragically unaware of what has happened. Or, in an even more bitterly ironic version, her campaign on his behalf may be dealt a mortal blow by the Russian government's announcement that he is just a common criminal. Or our gifted Russian poet may turn out to have been blackmailed into spying, and her mis-

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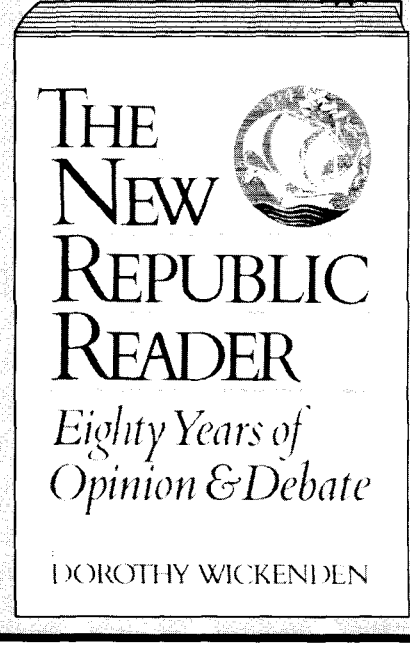

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sion may be a KGB-staged provocation. We may even admit the cynical possibility that our gifted woman poet did not have to be blackmailed at all, but is acting out of good old-fashioned intellectual perversity.

As far as the gifted Russian woman poet is concerned, we are prepared for every development except one: that her poems are downright dreadful. And so the course that the main line of the plot takes hinges on two apparently irreconcilable facts. First, Professor Vaisey falls in love with Anna Danilova; second, Professor Vaisey knows his Russian poesy well enough to see that Anna Danilova's poems are very, very poor. Since the third-person narrative is written from Vaisey's point of view, we can watch his mounting dilemma up close, as the last vestiges of professional honesty fight a losing battle in his mind against his reluctance to hurt Anna.

But here Amis maneuvers his readers into another play of false clues and futile expectations. Maybe Vaisey's opinion is wrong, maybe his perception has been dulled by years of reading obscure Russian Constructivists, maybe his love of Danilova will eventually open his eyes to a different beauty in her verse. Or maybe Anna's poetry up to this point was bad, but owing only to the lack of love, or lack of non-Russian influences, in her life. Maybe, if she reciprocates her English paramour's feelings, she will undergo an inner transformation and her talent will finally shine.

Not a chance. Amis's masterstroke is that after almost 300 pages filled mostly with Vaisey's unspoken opinions on the subject of Danilova's poetry, which go from bad to worse, he not only does not make his protagonist change his assessment but ultimately supports and legitimizes it. Just before the end, he lets us read, along with the embarrassed Russianist, a full-sized poem that she has just written specially for him, to celebrate their mutual discovery of love—in other words, a poem that we expect to be good at last:

> man of all men in Shakespeare's island,
> eyes that shine through the rain in my heart,
> where I came as a stranger,
> finding a hand grasping as firmly as time,
> knowledge that burns like fire
> and makes my heart round and red again,
> music in unity in my snowflake veins,
> thanks, all thanks be in my eyes clear for seeing, and I
> can face
> the dawn mounted on our love
> which is you and my love and I and your love....

I suspect that Kingsley Amis keeps the collected poems of Yevgeny Yevtushenko on his bedside table. A poem this bad, and this Russian-bad, and this Russian-in-English-translation-bad, could not have been conceived without years of studying that monument of poetic badness.

What is most shocking in the novel, though, is its happy ending—specifically, the manner in which it is brought about. Vaisey's moral and erotic dilemmas are solved in one stroke by Anna herself. He is spared from admitting that he loathes the verse of his beloved, because she turns out to be intelligent enough to sense this judgment herself, wise enough to reconcile herself to it and resourceful enough to make the best of the fact that he has concealed the truth for such a long time. Before Richard can say anything after reading the poem (actually, the first part of it, since—here's a lovely detail—Anna has to point out to him that the poem goes on over the page), she declares:

> You must take it as the best I can do and the only way I can pay tribute to you. I hope you can tell that at least I mean what I say in it. Perhaps at some time in the future you'll come to think my poetry's tolerable, or at any rate harmless. I know you think everything I've written up to this moment has no merit at all.... When you told me that you thought [my earlier] poems were good, I knew within a few seconds that you were lying. But that lie told me how much you loved me, and it means I'll always love you. I don't think I could put that into a poem, but I'll probably have a shot at it one day.

Here, on page 292 of his book, Amis finally strains his reader's credibility. I don't mean the slightly melodramatic quality of Anna's speech: for a bad Russian poet confessing her love, she in fact shows a lot of admirable restraint. Moreover, she is perfectly justified in her burning desire to express her gratitude. Her lover has dumped his rich wife for her, thus forgoing the comfortable life he has enjoyed so far.

Still, Tolstoy himself would not be able to create an Anna who would sound believable in admitting that she is a graphomaniac. In real life, a person like Anna would throw herself under a train rather than consider the possibility that she is a bad poet. Such things never happen, among bad Slavic poets and among bad Western ones, and for a very simple reason: bad poets are bad precisely because they cannot see that they are bad. They lack the necessary aesthetic sensitivity to recognize the difference between bad and good poetry. And since we had already been handed Anna's poem as an utterly convincing proof of how bad a poet she is, her free admission of her own literary worthlessness borders on the impossible.

On the other hand, the criterion of realistic probability is not terribly important when applied to social satire. Amis's novel does abound in exquisite realistic touches, ranging from the way his characters behave in their professional surroundings to the way they dress or speak. And he approaches Nabokov's dexterity in reproducing the characteristic limitations of English in the mouths of Slavs. (The novel's dialogues offer a wide variety of other kinds of speech mannerisms, from the typical to the highly exclusive, such as Cordelia's own incomparable "Cordelian, a pronunciational idiolect," as her husband calls it which consists mostly of giving unvoiced consonants unexpected voicing, as in "eggsbloding.") But in this novel the realistic way of portraying things has invariably something of a caricature about it, and the lack of a clear-cut line separating reality and caricature is a statement in itself.

This tendency to mix the realistic and the satirical makes its presence felt literally in the first words of the narrative, in that scene of the Institute of Slavonic Studies meeting, where the debated issue is whether the students of Russian literature should still be required to read at least some of the Russian texts in the original. This outdated requirement now smacks dangerously of "elitism." "One has to be careful about elitism here," the chair of the institute, an older colleague, warns Vaisey after the meeting, explaining the attitude of the younger generation:

> "You're out of date because you know a lot. They really think you do, Richard."
> "You don't mean they respect me for it?"
> "Of course not, but they don't mind. They take it for granted, they've learnt to live with it. Every department is likely to include somebody who knows a lot, even now. You get that, as they say."

Reading an exchange like this, we are uncertain: Is it spoken seriously or as deadpan joke? Is such an episode a caricature or a faithful picture of today's reality? Amis is relying on the inevitability of such questions.

By the same token, the sheer—ostentatious, even—improbability of the happy ending of Amis's story may well be his ultimate maneuver. With a degree of verisimilitude approaching the grand finale of the movie *A Fish Called Wanda* (where an English barrister and female American criminal fly off, hand in hand, into the Rio de Janeiro sunset) we are offered a suspiciously rosy picture of the English ex-literature professor and the Russian still-bad poet living happily ever after. What started

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deluding us with the appearance of the spy novel stereotype ends up by teasing us with the appearance of the romantic fairy tale stereotype. And we cannot help realizing that neither is taken at its face value here: between individuals or between superpowers, living together in total harmony is about as frequent an occurrence as encountering pure essences of good or evil.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK has translated, with Clare Cavanagh, the selected poems of Wislawa Szymborska, *View with a Grain of Sand*, forthcoming from Harcourt Brace.

"Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe": An Exchange

I am responding to Brent D. Shaw's recent review of John Boswell's book, *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe* (TNR, July 18 & 25). I write as a professor of Classics, a medievalist and a longtime friend and associate of John Boswell. The best refutations of Shaw's criticisms, of course, are to be found in the book itself. But Shaw gives so distorted an account of the book that many readers may be disinclined to make that discovery themselves.

Shaw's first (mis)step is to describe *Same-Sex Unions* as a book about "male homosexual marriages," as if he were reviewing recent popular accounts, even comic strips, rather than a scholarly work. Shaw seems to abandon criticism for mind-reading when he asserts that "the bonds between men that are confirmed in these church rituals are cautiously (and a little coyly) labeled by him as 'same-sex unions.' " It is distinctly odd to accuse the author of *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality: Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Fourteenth Century* (1980) of coyness. Boswell has never pulled punches. If he thought that the best, most inclusive description of what he was writing about were "gay marriage," he would have used it. It is precisely that label that he wishes to test, with a completely open mind, and he wishes to give readers the information, and the context, with which to come to their own conclusions.

Boswell's use of the broader term "union" is in part heuristic; to stimulate his readers to follow his discussion of the changing habits and ideals of hetero- and homosexual "partnerships" across centuries and thus be prepared to appreciate the full range of possibilities in other societies in their own terms. The answer to the question he expected readers to focus on—"Was it a marriage?"—"depends," he says, "to a considerable extent on one's conception of marriage.... It was unequivocally a marriage" if one believes marriage to be "a permanent emotional union acknowledged in some way by the community," his characterization of the common current conception. What it was for members of earlier societies is trickier to ascertain, and while Boswell tries to give a sense of the range of the possibilities, even ambiguities, in different times and places, he is clear that "same-sex unions were ... neither a threat to nor a replacement of heterosexual marriage."

Shaw's strategy is to adopt a tone of authoritative dismissal, as if Boswell were either too stupid or too politically engaged to realize what errors he was making. Readers should not be misled by this tone: Shaw is not an authority on Christian doctrine or liturgy, nor is he in any sense a medievalist. Moreover, his knowledge of Greek, like that of so many Classicists, is rooted in Classical, not patristic and medieval, usage; and he gives no evidence of any familiarity with other languages Boswell has and uses (inter alia Hebrew, Arabic, and above all for this study, Old Church Slavonic).

What strikes the reader familiar with *Same-Sex Unions* is that virtually all of Shaw's caveats and criticisms derive from Boswell's own argumentation. Shaw presents as if it were a revelation that *adelphopoiesis* "in simple English" is "creation of a brother," and concludes that Boswell's title for the ceremony, "Office of Same-Sex Union," "is inaccurate." As if Boswell didn't spend dozens of pages discussing the problems of translation, and this problem in particular. Any reader of *Same-Sex Unions* would learn what the "literal" meaning of the term is, and would be able to weigh whether this would be the best rendering or not. Indeed, so sensitive is Boswell to the issues surrounding this translation that he takes the term as an exemplary case in his appendix of translations (No. 5), and in a note experiments with both literal and more tendentious language.

Shaw's view that *adelphopoiesis* must mean "the making of brothers" is about as absurd as if I were to argue that "husband" couldn't mean "male partner in a heterosexual marriage" because its etyma would force it to mean "householder." Or more suggestively (though such analogies are always difficult), a French Shaw of the thirty-fifth century might well argue that, based on his Cassell's, a late-twentieth-century English text with the phrase "gay man" should be translated *homme joyeux*. Indeed, if one were to be absolutely literal, only your parents could "make" you a "brother." Obviously, the term is being used figuratively. The question is, in what way? And Boswell, not Shaw, gives his reader abundant evidence and sophisticated linguistic guidelines to draw his or her own conclusions. (Shaw claims that "any thorough study of the term *agape* will justify the traditional view that this was an unusual Christian coinage when applied to love," as if Boswell doesn't review the "traditional view" and explain why, on the basis of what evidence, and in what contexts, he disputes those findings.)

Early on Shaw pontificates: "From even a cursory reading of all the documents, it is apparent that the original text of the 'making of a brother' ceremony [in a certain eleventh-century Grottaferrata manuscript] terminates at the end of section four...." Boswell discusses the problematics of this text and compares it, for both commonality and singularity, with many other manuscript versions of the ceremony. Without going into the issue of putative originality (a typically Classicist concern that is particularly inappropriate to the study of evolving medieval reality), there is no doubt that this manuscript has what Boswell presents. He made two trips to Grottaferrata to see this manuscript, and took the precaution of photographing it. Shaw clearly knows nothing about this original material other than what he can derive from Boswell's own notes, which should be praised, not criticized, for pointing out problems and exploring the limits of certainty. This is, obviously, an unusual manuscript, but despite what Shaw implies, even the strongest version of Boswell's argument doesn't rise or fall on the inclusion of its final prayers. Here Shaw simply fails to mention such things as the organization of ceremonies within liturgical manuscripts, iconography and, above all, historical data.

But Shaw already dismissed "the narrative chapters ... [as] ancillary," so he doesn't need to consider the actual descriptions of real historical people joined in union across the centuries. In the words of Montaigne, who witnessed the *adelphopoiesis* ceremony performed in Rome in 1578, "*ils s'espousoint masle à masle à la messe*" ("they married, one man to another, at mass"). Apparently contemporary authorities didn't interpret the ceremony as the "ritualized" friendship Shaw would have us believe it is, unless we are also to believe that such friendships called for the burning

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that we know at least some of those who participated in the ceremony suffered in the sixteenth century.

It is this issue of "ritualized friendship" that brings us to a point that Shaw stage manages in such a way as to, he must hope, completely undermine any reader's confidence in Boswell as a scholar. Shaw adduces "an extensive modern study of which Boswell appears to be unaware. In 1987 Gabriel Herman ... published *Ritualized Friendship and the Greek City*.... In Herman's studies one finds all the phenomena regarded as indicative of 'same-sex marriage' by Boswell." Whether Boswell knows this book or not, I cannot say. As a Classicist, I know it, and it is a fine study of "ritualized friendship" from Homeric society through the city states and into the Hellenistic states Alexander left behind. It ends, however, several hundred years before Boswell's major focus begins. Herman never addresses the particular ceremony that Boswell examines.

If Boswell had presented Herman's findings to his reader, the only value would have been to show up the differences between the institution that Herman describes and the medieval Christian ceremony. The essential point of the institution described by Herman is that the participating parties belong to different groups: *xenia* is an alliance between two men who are foreigners (or in some sense members of politically or socially opposed groups). This is not the hallmark of the medieval ceremony of union that Boswell describes. Shaw does not know it, but there is another ceremony in many of these same liturgical manuscripts that is intended to cement peace between two parties who have been enemies. It is completely distinct from *adelphopoiesis*.

On slightly firmer ground, Shaw attempts to read the relationships lauded by the speakers in Lucian's dialogue *Toxaris* in light of the "ritualized friendships" described by Herman. After rereading Lucian and the relevant sections in Boswell, I agree with Shaw that Boswell may have overstated his case in certain particulars. But in its main lines, with its emphasis on personal affection as the basis for particular friendships, Boswell's reading seems much nearer the mark than the calculated self-interest or group-interest of "powerful and potentially hostile men" that Shaw, building on Herman, describes.

Herman's rendering of *xenia* as "ritualized friendship" as opposed to the traditional "guest-friendship," which he criticizes, or something even more literal—*xenos* "means" "foreigner"—is exactly comparable to Boswell's arguments for rendering *adelphopoiesis* as "same-sex unions" rather than "the making of brothers." Why, methodologically, does Shaw approve of the one and disapprove of the other? And, ironically, but tellingly, in a book on "ritualized friendship" in Homeric and Classical Greece, Herman manages to avoid any discussion of homosexuality; nor does his bibliography include Kenneth Dover's *Greek Homosexuality*, the standard work in the field.

Readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC should consider Shaw's views in light of Boswell's book, not in place of it.

RALPH HEXTER
Boulder, Colorado

Brent D. Shaw replies:

Some of Ralph Hexter's verbal shots are rather erratic, since in their aim to discredit me they simultaneously demean John Boswell. I have never labeled Boswell, or his work, "too stupid or too politically engaged," so what is the point of imputing that this is so? I have found Boswell's work interesting and provocative. I have held some of it in high regard, and I have voiced my skepticism about other parts of it. As for political engagement, that is a choice for any human being, even historians. Boswell's noting, in the introduction to his book, of the continuing scourge of AIDS, and his references to the current battles in Oregon and Colorado, surely signal his own engagement. But the ever-present danger for historians is that if the subject of their research overlaps strongly with their political commitment, the likelihood of losing a requisite kind of critical distance is great. The latter ideal has to be balanced against the obvious benefits of a fuller sympathetic understanding of the subject that is gained by extra-scholarly engagement. We all "pull punches."

Still, it is incumbent upon historians, even authoritative medievalists, to engage in the drudgery of checking the facts. Hexter's sweeping statement that I give "no evidence of any familiarity with other languages Boswell has and uses (inter alia Hebrew, Arabic, and above all for this study, Old Church Slavonic)" is precisely the kind of coyly phrased assertion that he should have checked before making. The hyperbole of Hexter's claim in respect to Old Church Slavonic is misleading to the point of incomprehension: Boswell uses that language very infrequently in the construction of his book and *none* of the critical original documents is in it, so why is it so necessary "above all for this study"? Almost all the foreign language texts that Boswell uses are in a variant of Greek or Latin, or in one of the major modern Western European languages. I am reasonably proficient in all of these. Hexter should also simply check the facts about my competence in, inter alia, church history, patristics, patristic Greek, Arabic and knowledge of liturgy (among other supposed failings) before he rushes his ill-advised and false statements into print.

Such rantings about expertise are, in any event, meant merely to detract from the substance of my arguments. Hexter does not demonstrate a single specific case where I have erred because I am (in his view) "not a medievalist"—and this for a book where only one-half of one chapter might be remotely construed as "medieval" in content. If Hexter himself is an "authority" and a "medievalist," then he himself ought to know these basic facts about a book with which he claims a familiarity second only to that of the author. And are we thereby able to infer that Hexter is himself an "authority" in church liturgy, patristic Greek, Old Church Slavonic, Hebrew and Arabic, among other matters?

Hexter combines such botheration about academic credentials with simple extravagance. I have yet to meet a single human being "with a completely open mind." I am sure that neither I nor John Boswell are such persons. This "fact" is not pertinent to any critical assessment of the actual practice of history. Hexter proceeds to pull irrelevant rabbits out of his hat: "Shaw does not know it, but there is another ceremony in many of these same liturgical manuscripts that is intended to cement peace between two parties...." Perhaps I do not know it. But the problem is that no reader of Boswell's book could know it, since this fact was hitherto unrevealed. Information and data not presented in a book cannot be the subject of any just criticism of its contents; I cannot do an "unreview." If such evidence exists, then it should be brought forward. But even if it were, I would not doubt that there existed variant blessings by the Christian church appropriate to different kinds of fictive kinship relationships forged between men, and that these could include ceremonials for both *adelphopoiesis* and for other distinctive modes of pact and peace-making (sometimes construed as friendships, sometimes as a type of fictive kinship). And I *did* draw attention to the liturgical and social contexts of the "brotherhood" rituals, contexts that would help make sense of the ceremonies and the historical realities behind them. I am puzzled by Hexter's assertion that I did not do what I manifestly did.

By the time we get to Montaigne Hexter's claims are so confused that it is difficult to disentangle them. He writes that Montaigne "witnessed the

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adelphopoiesis ceremony performed in Rome in 1578. . . ." The original text to which he refers is quoted in Boswell's book, but Boswell is more judicious and careful than his defender. Boswell states that Montaigne seems to describe the "making of a brother" ceremonial that is the subject of his book. Hexter simply asserts that it is *adelphopoiesis*. But Montaigne's own words say no such thing. There is nothing in them to demonstrate any connection between what the Spanish and Portuguese men were doing in the Church of St. John by the Latin Gate in Rome in 1578 and *adelphopoiesis*.

The men described by Montaigne were engaging in parallel same-sex marriage ceremonials that were a mimicry of the "real thing." Far from engaging in a ritual act formally blessed by the church, the men were burned alive by the authorities in Rome because "with terrible wickedness they defiled the sacrosanct name of matrimony"—hardly the approval of a widely accepted ecclesiastical ceremony for same-sex unions. It was for committing a sacrilege of an orthodox ritual that they were punished, not for engaging in a "making of a brother" ceremony. That they were doing the latter is a pure assertion on Hexter's part, and a most improbable one. Montaigne's report does not demonstrate anything about the prevalence or acceptability of an *adelphopoiesis* marriage ceremony, but rather reveals a virulent and violent hatred on the part of the authorities for what those men were doing.

Hexter incorrectly claims that I allow Gabriel Herman off the methodological hook. I hold Herman to precisely the same standards that I have for Boswell. If Herman failed to note aspects of the 1978 edition of Sir Kenneth Dover's *Greek Homosexuality* that were of direct relevance to his argument, then that would constitute a fair and necessary criticism of his book; but it is incumbent upon Hexter to specify precisely what those shortfalls are, and not merely to state that Dover's book does not appear in Herman's bibliography. Hexter also claims that I allow Herman off the hook methodologically in permitting him to gloss what is meant by *philia* or *xenia* in terms more precise than simple "friendship" or "guest-friendship," whereas I do not permit Boswell to do this. Wrong again. It is acceptable for either historian to do what he does. And here we come to the heart of the matter.

Beyond some supposed "hermeneutic convenience," what exactly does Boswell mean by "same-sex union," if not a form of male homosexual marriage? If it is something else, then his book fails. And why all the detailed discussion of marriage in the ancillary chapters, if this is not Boswell's aim? So why does Hexter refer to cartoons and caricatures when I state quite simply that this is what the book is about? The term "same-sex union" covers a very wide ground, from a lengthy encounter between myself and Mr. Blair Nyrose (my accountant) to de facto marriages between men, and even other possibilities. Where along this spectrum is Boswell? In the evidence and the arguments adduced with respect to the *adelphopoiesis* documents, Boswell and Hexter (the latter very contradictorily, given the substance of his counterclaims) clearly mean male homosexual marriage. Hexter rejects my suggestion that various types of "ritualized friendship" formed the actual content of the "same-sex unions" described in Boswell's manuscript. So what is left? The only other possibility entertained by him is a species of marriage.

As for the Grottaferrata manuscript, Hexter says that I did not know the actual original manuscripts. I never claimed to; and I do not have to. I wrote about Boswell's book, not about the precise state of medieval manuscripts. He asserts that Boswell took care to photograph the manuscript concerned—a laudable practice, but one that is irrelevant to the matters at hand. If Hexter is a "medievalist" and an "authority" on manuscripts, he must know that photographing a manuscript cannot resolve the specific problem to which I aver. The photograph attests to the actual condition of the manuscript and no more. All the questions regarding its contents, how they came to be constituted in that mode, possible errors made in the process of copying or editing, and a host of other such issues, will not be made one whit clearer by having yet another (this time, high-tech) copy of it. Photograph or not, my contention remains unanswered: that the final paragraphs that came to be attached to the *adelphopoiesis* ceremony in the Grottaferrata manuscript do not belong to that ritual, but to a separate marriage ceremonial, and that the general context in which the *adelphopoiesis* ceremonials were ordered in the liturgical books is a good explanation of how that confusion occurred.

The substance of my criticism of Boswell's book is simply this: that he has not established a connection between the liturgical texts that are titled "ceremonial" or "blessing for the making of a brother" and any sort of same-sex union that might reasonably be construed as a *marriage*. I proffered a different solution—that the blessings and ceremonials recorded in his manuscripts were an ecclesiastical "cover" for a ritual bond between men who sought advantages from establishing an artificial kinship bond between themselves. Not one new fact has been produced by Hexter that would alter my opinion. Far from saying that there was no homoerotic content to such relationships, I specifically stated that this was an aspect that deserved further investigation. Nor did I ever deny that some men in most societies (certainly those under investigation in the book) formed more permanent homoerotic relationships, which they strongly wished to see as akin to the marital arrangements legitimized by the legal and ecclesiastical institutions of their time. That history, those practices and the conflicts associated with them are subjects that we must continue to investigate. But the resolution of these historical problems is not going to be achieved by the quick fix of "shocking manuscript discoveries." And if we are genuinely concerned about present difficulties, we should more usefully turn our attention directly to them. •

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NEW YORK DIARIST

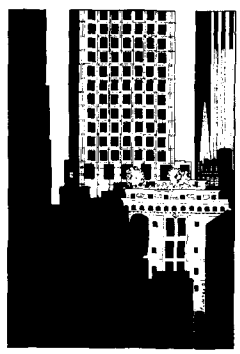
Scenic beauty

TAPED TO THE WALL OVER MY desk is a full-page advertisement from *The New York Times* of Thursday, October 17, 1991. It depicts a young woman, to me terrifyingly beautiful, reclining in midair, clad in a black slip and spiked heels. Her head tilts back, exposing the delicate line of her neck and making a Niagara of her thick golden hair. The backs of her hands press coquettishly against her tapered waist. She curls one of her long slender legs under her perfectly shaped bottom; the other she kicks up to the top of the page like a dancer in a chorus line. What is shocking about this advertisement for the Bloomingdale's hosiery department is not its shameless exploitation of the female body. What is shocking is that the woman in it is now my wife.

IT HAPPENS LESS THAN IT ONCE did, but every so often I still look up at the Bloomingdale's ad and think: now there's one woman I'll never know. One evening earlier this year I came home to find an overheated message from a normally temperate friend calling from a party in New York. He said, "There is a woman here you should meet in a hurry. As I speak, she is being chased from one end of the room to the other by O.J. Simpson." I suspected this was mere hyperbole until several weeks later, when the Juice himself was pumping my hand and telling me with unnerving enthusiasm how lucky I was. And I am!

PERHAPS FORTUNATELY THERE IS not room here for a full play-by-play account of a betrothal I still regard as improbable. But it must be said: the sheer force of female beauty is such that one does not merely marry a beautiful woman; one is cast in the Sancho Panzaesque role of Witness to Beauty. And of the many theories that purport to explain and interpret the role of female beauty in our society—that it is used by men to enslave women; that it is used by women to enslave men; that is used by the species as a signaling device that says, "I'm healthy, and therefore likely to transport your genes smoothly and efficiently"—none fully captures the weird degradation of being intimately associated with the genuine article.

SCENE ONE: A TENNIS COURT somewhere in California. A week into the surprisingly successful courtship I am hitting with an instructor, trying quickly to relearn a game I haven't played in years, before the woman I badly wish to impress turns up to play. The purpose of an adult tennis lesson conducted under normal conditions is to develop the student's ego as well as his backhand, and in my mind's eye we appear to be two players of equal competence putting on a show. The pro delivers every ball to the sweet spot on my racket. Then the lovely lady in the Bloomingdale's ad arrives. She smiles at the pro, and, before I realize quite what has happened, the game has changed. The pro's lobs sweep the baseline clean, his topspins bite holes in the clay. I am paying him to serve aces to me and teach me a less comfortable lesson: the man thrust into the orbit of beauty will be required to prove over and again that he deserves to be there.



SCENE TWO: AN ITALIAN RESTAURant. One of several in which I will be similarly treated. The maître d' seizes the arm of the Bloomingdale model and escorts her to a table in the middle of the room, leaving me to fend for myself. Waving the waiter and menus aside, he gazes at my future bride and announces, "I shall take care of my new friend. This beauuuteeefuuul woman and..." then he is stuck. He turns, looks at me for the first time and pauses. Word is spreading. The busboys pile out of the kitchen to gawk at the Bloomingdale woman. Finally: "this prrrrrosperous young man." A second uncomfortable truth: I am expected to be rich. Not merely a man of means but a man of means who would not dare to deny his companion anything material. Commercial life with a beautiful wife is an endless series of encounters with restaurant rose salesmen. It is assumed that a salesperson has only to produce the most expensive item in the shop and I will feel a need to demonstrate my ability to pay for it. In Washington, the woman in the Bloomingdale's advertisement selects a $140 skirt; the salesperson grabs for a $1,200 suit. In Chicago, she selects a pair of shoes that costs $150; the salesperson returns not with these but with a much better-looking pair that costs $430. Across New York, waiters recommend the most expensive wines on the list, forcing me either to fork over the dough or to come right out and say—or as much as say—"I really don't feel like paying $85 for a bottle of white wine even if it means depriving this very beautifu woman of the very best things in life."

SCENE THREE: THE ATLANTA AIR port. The Bloomingdale's model stops tc buy a frozen yogurt. I hover several yard: behind her. Behind me two men stop and stare. I can't help but notice: the: are staring at my wife's rear end. "Car you believe that shit?" one says loudly tc the other. "That should be illegal," say: the second. It's as if they belong to some sort of sexual tour group, and she is a stop on their itinerary. "Bill!" the second man calls out to a third man. A crowd o increasingly vocal men is forming, and am grateful when my wife i handed her vanilla swirl, and we are off. But I discover ye a third uncomfortable truth from now on the male id wil be my constant companion In airports I am able to see most clearly what is more generally true: the world around a female beaut becomes distorted beyond recognition. Having spent lifetime cruising at speed through the lane marked green I now find that I cannot pas through customs without being stopped and inspected once, while my wife i inspected twice. Having long grown accustomed to operating from a bas camp of presumed anonymity, of quietl watching people get up to the thing people get up to, I now find there i nothing to watch except a crowd poin ing at my wife. She lives as if in the eye c a storm. I shall never be able to compar her to a summer's day because she ha nothing in common with a summer day, save for those rare summer days o which a typhoon blows across the fror lawn.

SCENE FOUR: THE STREETS O Manhattan. We pass a construction sit filled with workers. They spare us th indignity of their usual hooting an wolf-whistling. When she is alone, c course, they form gangs and hoot an wolf-whistle. But when she is with m they keep quiet. It puzzles me that the show me such respect. After all, I ar unlikely to do much damage to a pac of construction workers. I wonder: pe haps I have a silent pact with constru tion workers. Then I realize: it is not m they fear. It is her. I do not protect he from them but them from her. Foil fe males of superior gifts, deep pockets fe women with things to sell, witness to th recesses of the id, I am also, for a bri moment, the tamer of a lioness. This, can play.

MICHAEL LEW

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Flip-flop At Justice

When the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s achieved its breakthrough victories, President Johnson, among others, realized that giving African-Americans the right to compete on a free and open basis was not enough. The analogy often used at the time was of someone who had been fettered hand and foot for many years. Simply removing that person's chains would not make him ready to run in a race. But what could be done to help minorities to compete fairly? The answer has been a wide range of programs generally known as "affirmative action." There is very little dispute about some of these programs—for instance, providing special after-school or summer programs for minorities who need extra help to get to the point where they can compete. Poll after poll shows that Americans realize we must work to undo the discrimination and evils of the past. However, the overwhelming majority of Americans draw the line at quotas—hiring or firing people or deciding who will be admitted to college on the basis of their race.

Why is the Justice Department now reversing its rejection of quotas?

Quotas lead to anger and a sense of being unfairly treated among workers who do not benefit from them. If 100 white and 10 black men are interviewed for three positions and all three jobs go to black candidates because of a quota policy, you could have 100 white candidates bitter and resentful at what they perceive to be an injustice, despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of them would have been rejected even if there had been no quotas.

Using quotas as a basis for selection also leads to questions about the qualifications and abilities of minorities. Nowadays, when people see an African-American or Hispanic or woman in a top job, they are apt to wonder: Did that person get the job because he or she was the best qualified or did sex or race account for the decision? Quotas can also have a devastating effect on minority candidates who land the jobs or the spots in selective colleges and professional schools. Many find it difficult to take pride and pleasure in their accomplishments because the suspicion that they were preferred because they were minority or female—not because they were the best—is always there.

So it was encouraging to see, during the last presidential election, that both parties ran against quotas. Unfortunately, a recent move by the Justice Department to espouse the cause of race-based hiring and firing shows that not everybody in the Clinton Administration has gotten the message.

Several years ago, the Justice Department supported the lawsuit of a New Jersey teacher, Sharon Taxman, who was fired because she was white. The judge found in Taxman's favor, but now the Justice Department wants to enter the appeal on the side of the school board and use all its prestige and authority to overturn the victory it helped Taxman win. This kind of about-face is practically unheard of.

Here's the story: In 1989, the Piscataway School Board decided, for budgetary reasons, to lay off a teacher in its business education department, and it made the choice between Taxman and Debra Williams, a black teacher who had equal seniority. Previously, when a situation like this occurred, the layoff decision had been made by drawing lots. In this case, the school board decided on the basis of race, and it got rid of Taxman.

The school board's action can't be explained by a desire to make up for past discrimination in hiring because the district had a very good record of employing minority teachers and administrators. In 1976, it was found that 10 percent of the Piscataway teaching staff were minority (the state-wide pool was 7.4 percent). And in 1985, 9.5 percent of teachers and administrators were African-American, which compared very favorably with the 5.8 percent of African-Americans "available" in the county in which the school district is located. No discrimination was claimed and none was found—far from it.

The issue was not qualifications, either. Taxman was the more experienced and qualified of the two when she and Williams were hired in 1980.

The board's main argument was that it wished to promote "racial diversity for 'education's sake' or 'as an educational goal,'" but it left wide open what was meant by "diversity." Would the "diversity" standard be satisfied when 15 percent of all teachers were minority? Twenty-five percent? Would it be O.K. to use race as a basis for layoffs until that time? And how did it contribute to "diversity" to get rid of Taxman, the school's only Jewish teacher, instead of Williams, who was one of a number of black teachers?

The judge who decided the original case wisely rejected this argument. The question is, why is the Justice Department now reversing its rejection of quotas to take an *un*just position in favor of race-based hiring and firing?

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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